The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXI — NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1919 — NUMBER 261

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The Week

IN forcing the officials of the United Mine Workers to recall the strike order, the government hoped to reopen the mines and keep them in operation pending negotiations. This hope has proved illusory. The miners have not returned to work, and the output remains at one-third of normal or less, practically that of the non-union mines. What the government gained by the injunction, apart from the moral effect of an exhibition of resolution, is hard to say. The representatives of the workers are no more conciliatory, nor the representatives of the operators any less recalcitrant, than they would have been if the strikers had not been enjoined.

SECRETARY Wilson has proposed terms of settlement that the workers are ready to accept: an increase of 33.61 per cent in wages and what is in effect a seven hour day at the face of the coal. The operators reject these terms as confiscatory and propose instead a 20 per cent increase in pay with hours as they stood under the war agreement. The operators do not insist strongly that the Secretary's terms are inherently too generous to the miners, but assert that the industry cannot stand them without a material increase in the price of coal. Former Secretary McAdoo's letter, suggesting that the income tax returns would exhibit exorbitant profits at the present scales of wages and prices, has greatly weakened the operators' moral position. They run the risk of seeing what was originally a plain labor dispute transform itself into a profiteer hunt.

SOME impartial commission ought to conduct an inquiry into the effectiveness of the Steel Corporation's plan of fighting a strike by keeping news of it out of the papers. Has the morale of the strikers suffered from the application of the rule of silence? Or have the strikers persisted in their way, unperturbed by the knowledge that most of the public supposes that the strike never amounted to anything? In the Pittsburgh district, according to the World, the losses in wages have been more than $29,000,000 and the tonnage losses amount to $250,000,000. These are "conservative estimates." They seem to imply a greater dislocation than has ever been admitted by the steel companies.

"STEEL officials say the problem of insufficient labor is being met in various ways. Many negroes, Greeks and Mexicans have been brought in since the strike began." This too we quote from the World, November 24th. It might have been supposed that after recent experience with the "unassimilated alien" the steel officials might have become suspicious of such an easy solution of their labor problem as the importation of the classes indicated, which are not likely to mix well with the working population on the ground. The Steel Corporation might have tried to enlist "one hundred per cent Americans," from the industrial region itself. That, however, would have involved the payment of wages affording a one hundred per cent American standard of living and of liberty.

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THREE union men were killed at Bogalusa, Louisiana, by members of a so-called "loyalty league," incensed by the action of the union men in protecting a "Negro agitator" against lynchers. The "Negro agitator" appears to have been merely the head of a local Negro union, active in organization work among the members of his race. As such he was obnoxious to those citizens who do not believe in unionism, for blacks or whites. They fortified their sense of civic duty with their race prejudice and set out to kill him, and anyone who might defend him, to the end that labor might be cheaper and more docile. Their action should commend itself to those Northern citizens who are so vociferous about the disloyalty of foreign born workers who dare to organize and seek higher wages than employers are pleased to pay.

"WILL any wise man," Mr. Lloyd George solemnly asks the House of Commons, "advise us to undertake the terrible responsibility of restoring order in a country as large as Russia, where no country ever intervened without landing itself into disaster?" Mr. George may indeed ask this question with a rich fund of experience behind him. Kolchak, whom the British backed as redeemer of Russia, has had so little popular support, that he has lost even his own capital. "The name of England and the whole Entente," declares M. Kerensky, "stands for blackest reaction and tyranny in the eyes of the Russian people." And the Czecho-Slovaks, again petitioning the Allies for a return to their mother country, assert that "the military authorities of the Government of Omsk are permitting criminal actions that will stagger the entire world."

IF LLOYD GEORGE has abandoned military intervention there are signs that political intervention on the part of the Allies is still active. A delegate to the conference of the Baltic states at Dorpat informs the Associated Press that "pressure" is being applied, by England and France, to keep the Baltic nations from concluding an armistice with Soviet Russia. Here is a meeting of statesmen who have, from a French Foreign Office point of view, adopted a most unreasonable attitude. They prefer peace to war. They are reluctant about summoning their peasants to an offensive which the British and French governments no longer dare undertake. And they are, accordingly, bold enough to debate the question of putting an end to hostilities. Around the conference at Dorpat it seems that a veil of censorship has been drawn.

PARIS dispatches say that the Rumanians have at last left Budapest—after defying the Peace Conference for fifteen weeks, or that part of the Peace Conference, at least, which was acting in good faith when it ordered the Rumanians to withdraw. By finally complying with formal orders the Rumanians will lose nothing. They have robbed Budapest of everything that was worth taking—and apparently they now withdraw only as far as the River Theiss. In such a withdrawal there is a strategic purpose. Rumania wants a larger slice of Hungarian territory than the Peace Conference has assigned her. Holding a line as far west as the Theiss she can bargain with the Conference for a compromise, at the expense of the Hungarians.

WITHDRAWAL of the Rumanian troops leaves an uncertain political situation in Hungary. The Allies refuse to make peace with the Friedrich Cabinet. That is a position which both wisdom and honor require them to take. The Friedrich Cabinet is a remnant of Hapsburg rule. A coup brought it into power, and only Allied support can keep it there. What is the alternative? Sir George Clark, representative of the Supreme Council, declares that what the Allies want is a government "representative of the people." Such a government, however, can no longer be made to order. The Allies refused to support the trade union government that came into power after the Communists—and so made it possible for the Rumanians to march in and the friends of the Hapsburgs to regain their power. After eight weeks of White Terror it is too much to hope that Friedrich will himself give way to the democratic forces he has so thoroughly whipped.

ONLY brief accounts of Mr. Lloyd George's offer to the British railway unions have been cabled to this country. They do not disclose the measure of actual control over the roads which Mr. George has invited the unions to accept. But apparently the workers are at least to have equal representation on wage boards, without curtailment of their right to strike, and some sort of representation in the various boards of management. Until a draft of the plan reaches this country it is impossible to guess how far the government's offer will satisfy the repeated demands of the British railway workers. But what Lloyd George has done seems already to have disturbed the conservative commercial interests in England. They accuse him of giving labor an opening wedge for a joint control that will be extended to all other vital industries.

NEWS of the most serious rioting in Egypt since April comes simultaneously with a new statement of British policy. When England declared a protectorate over Egypt in 1914 it was with a promise

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that this protectorate would be for the duration of the war only. The war ended; and the program of peace to which England subscribed provided that "the nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be secured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." The British High Commission in Cairo now announces England's interpretation of obligations. The protectorate is to continue —despite the war's ending. But it is hoped, says the Commissioner, that the elected representatives of the people may in their several spheres increasingly "cooperate" in the management of Egyptian affairs.

PREMIER Nitti has appealed earnestly to the peoples of the Allied countries for a more sympathetic attitude toward Italian ambitions in the Adriatic. Italy suffered relatively more than any other Allied country, he asserts; she got less out of the war than either France or England. Why should America so stubbornly refuse to accede to her wishes in the matter of Fiume? We might in turn ask the question: Why should Premier Nitti, a liberal, an economist and statesman, who knows that Fiume, when taken in connection with the hinterland necessary to its defense, is neither ethnically nor economically Italian, insist nevertheless upon its annexation? He admits himself that the large gain in the Socialist vote indicates a detestation of war and military adventure. The Italian people are not flaming with a desire for a Balkan war, which might easily come out of annexation. The only adequate explanation seems to lie in the internal political situation. A diplomatic triumph in the Adriatic might bolster up the Nitti government against the attacks of new men and new forces thrown into the political foreground by the elections.

WHEN the Mexican government recently placed a large order for arms and ammunition with certain factories in Belgium, the American State Department did not enter a formal protest, but made a "diplomatic inquiry" which will apparently prevent any shipments being made. The Department based its action on the terms of the new International Arms Convention—a document as yet unpublished, but reported to have been signed in Paris on the 14th of September by the signatories to the League of Nations Covenant. The new convention, it is said, provides that no nation intending to become a member of the League may permit shipments of arms while the world is passing through the transition period from war to peace. It is, apparently, a flexible convention—to be used in the case of Carranza, ignored in the case of Kolchak.

THE treaty that is to bring peace in the Balkans has not been published, but there are hints that it is to be another peace based on the principle of services rendered. In determining territorial lines, says a dispatch to the New York Globe, the Council decided first to recognize Serbia's performances in the war—"and thus made boundaries which are conceded even by some members of the Conference to be inequitable from the standpoint of the population." Against this decision the American members protested. They asserted that racial lines were more important, for the future, than past contributions to the war. But the Americans were in the minority—and, says this dispatch to the Globe, felt it necessary to "give way."

OBSCURITY still shrouds the facts in the case of Consular Agent Jenkins, taken by Mexican bandits and ransomed for 300,000 pesos, only to be later arrested by the government on charges of collusion with the bandits. It is silly for Americans to proceed on the assumption that there can be nothing in this charge; that no American official in Mexico would be capable of trying to make an international episode and an occasion for intervention out of himself. The Mexican government is not mad enough to pursue so dangerous a course without evidence that seems valid. And say the government were mad; how could we account for the fact that responsible Mexican papers like Excelsior, in no sense government organs, take the collusion theory seriously? The case is one which demands searching investigation before too much breath is wasted on war talk.

IS it pro-German propaganda to suggest that the German is a better citizen than the American? The Security League might inquire into the case of ex-Ambassador Francis. Before an audience in St. Louis Mr. Francis exhibited himself as an employer first and a patriot afterwards. According to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat he said: "I noticed in the press within a few days that the German laborers are suing for a ten-hour work day instead of an eight-hour day. That shows the German spirit. Contrast it with the spirit of the American laborers that are suing for a six-hour day in this season of underproduction."

THE labor convention at Chicago effected on November 24th party organization under the name of The Labor Party of the United States. The general aim of the party, according to the constitution adopted is to secure economic, industrial and social democracy. Resolutions were adopted against the use of the injunction, against the continuance of the Rus-

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sian blockade, for the repeal of the espionage laws and for amnesty to war-time prisoners. A national convention is to be held next summer for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President.

The Need of a New World Conference

POSSIBLY, even probably, the Senate, when it reassembles in December, will reach some compromise with the Administration upon the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. The result, if it takes place, will not derive from any irresistible pressure of public opinion. Except for a few groups, the plain American people seem indifferent as to the ultimate fate of the League and the Treaty. But there will follow from a failure to ratify, many expensive inconveniences, and the steadily increasing burden of these penalties will exert a powerful influence in favor of an ultimate compromise. If, however, ratification does finally take place, it is the Administration rather than the Senate which will pay the larger percentage of the cost of the agreement. The Republican Senators know and take an immense satisfaction in the knowledge that the President failed to arouse American public opinion against them. They will not surrender any substantial part of what they consider to be the fruits of victory. The Treaty, if and when ratified, will not differ essentially from the document which last week failed of ratification. The reservations attached to the ratifying resolution reflect in all probability fairly well the existing disinclination of the American people to enter into any old-fashioned European political system, and their present prejudice against impairing, by any but the most restricted and innocuous engagements, the irresponsible independence of their future foreign policy.

Assuming that the Senate will not ratify the Treaty, except subject to reservations scarcely less drastic than those which the President now considers impossible, liberal opinion in this country should face without flinching the manifest meaning of this action. In the event either of ratification or of failure to ratify, the American nation has resumed with respect to Europe almost as complete a measure of detachment and isolation as that which it cherished at the outbreak of the World War. European statesmen cannot call upon American economic and military assistance to prevent changes in the territorial boundaries drawn by the Treaty of Versailles. Under existing conditions they cannot count upon the New World to contribute to the establishment of an overwhelming preponderance of power in the Old. Their calculations are, consequently, upset. The international order which the Treaty of Versailles attempted to bring into existence had for one of its major assumptions the obligatory future American cooperation which the Senate has expressly rejected. Its repudiation by the Senate has grievously wounded the Treaty and its underlying sanctions. It has rendered the footing of the whole achievement of the World Conference not only precarious for the time being but ultimately impossible. In the long run the Treaty cannot survive the refusal of the American Senate to underwrite its provisions.

The result is shocking to those American liberals who have supported the Administration through thick and thin. They will consider it a renunciation of the disinterested internationalism which apparently dictated American participation in the war. They will condemn it as a refusal by this country to extend political and economic assistance to Europe at a time when such assistance is necessary to relieve cruel suffering and deprivation, and to reenforce the quaking foundations of European social security. They will attribute the calamities from which the peoples of many parts of Europe will suffer in the near future and the more or less serious disorder which the winter may well bring forth to the crude and selfish nationalism of the Senate's behavior. They may seek under the leadership of President Wilson to keep up the fight on behalf of the final acceptance of the treaty and the Covenant of Versailles and for that purpose to try and carry it into the coming Presidential election.

If they do, they will, we believe, perform a doubtful service to the cause of democratic liberalism in international affais. The upsetting by the Senate majority of French and English calculations of American support for the proposed international order will undoubtedly disturb the proposed settlement at a time when the cost in human suffering of unsettling things is certain and considerable; and unfortunately their action is in part prompted by motives which, if they continue to dominate American foreign policy, will bring disaster and death to the American democracy. But it is a sheer illusion to infer that because the failure to ratify the treaty or its ratification with reservations is followed by disaster, suffering and political disorder, its ratification without reservations would have resulted in order, stability, regeneration and appeasement. The sources of disorder, instability,

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suffering and frustration resided in the situation and state of mind which produced the treaty and not in the manner and in the extent of its ratification. It is the execution of the treaty with or without American assistance which means disintegration and disaster to Central Europe and disorder and insecurity to the world. The failure of the Senate to ratify without drastic reservations is not, as so many of the Senate's opponents allege, a base betrayal of a common cause and a provocation to future disaster by a sect of Bourbon American patriots. It is clearly the instinctive and inevitable retort of irresponsible American nationalism to the provocation of the equally irresponsible European national imperialisms which moulded the treaty. The Lodges and the Reeds have repaid the Clemenceaux, the Sonninos and the Paderewskis with an American transcript of their own spurious and dubious paper. Even if the new American issue is similarly spurious, we have at least refused to endorse a lot of dangerous and worthless obligations on the plea that the American endorsement would somehow secure their final redemption. America cannot in that sense save Europe. It is Europe and not America which must default on or redeem the depreciated script issued by the Peace Conference.

Ever since the terms of the treaty were first announced last May, the value of the script and, consequently, the credit of the Conference has steadily depreciated. Its initial failure to take its stand on the political principles embodied in the armistice and in particular its fatal repudiation of the fundamental principle of all law and order which is that of equal and reciprocal justice, left it defenceless against the clamorous demands of the Allied imperialist interests. The immediate evidence of this failure was the insertion in the treaty of a series of provisions which the French and British governments will either have to relax or else assume the responsibilty of creating in Germany, Austria and Hungary permanently infectious sources of social disorder.

But, as a matter of fact, the effect of their behavior was no less injurious to themselves and to their friends than it was to their former enemies. The knowledge that aggressive selfish interests would prevail in Paris over the plain dictates of healing principles provoked all the new states in Central Europe to keep a considerable proportion of their population under arms, to devour their narrow margin of credit on the maintenance of these armies, and to neglect the really healing work of relief, reparation and reconstruction. They wasted what slender resources they had on military preparation and started their careers as independent states by spending chiefly on armament from two to six times what income they were able to derive from taxation.

It is the results of this policy, plus the immediately insuperable obstacles placed in the way of the recovery of the defeated peoples, which are spelling disaster for the people of Central Europe and are threatening to destroy the foundations of European order. When the European nations are finally compelled to face the problems of meeting their liabilities and providing the money for reparation and reconstruction and at the same time of satisfying the demands of their workers for a better standard of living, then and then only will they understand how completely their statesmen have led them astray. Until they abandon their present practice of arming for the purpose of annexing rebellious populations and appropriating for themselves natural resources needed in part by other national groups, partial American isolation is a matter of self-preservation. It is the Peace Conference which has wished this result on the world. The Treaty itself embodies the disastrous policy. The Covenant serves not to cure but to perpetuate the evil. It will take another Conference assembled under different conditions and composed of different men to provide the cure.

For American liberals to continue the fight on behalf of the proposed League and Covenant on the supposition that they are in this way contributing to international security and good behavior appears to us a grave mistake. It will injure the cause of American internationalism to carry the fight on and over into the Presidential election. The association of the Covenant with the gross injustices and impossibilities of the Treaty destroys the integrity of the case for internationalism. Its friends would suffer from a fatal handicap in arguing the case with the American people. They would not have any sufficient retort to the protests of Senators, such as Borah and Johnson, against the sacrifice of American freedom of action for the benefit of a mere combination of imperialist European interests.

It is of the utmost importance that when the American people are asked to decide whether they will enter an organized society of nations on the same terms as the major European and Asiatic nations, they be not asked to adhere to a League which merely perpetuates the defects of the former Balance or Concert of Europe. They can, we believe, be persuaded ultimately to join an international society which gives to all nations and peoples the benefit of the same principles of right, but they

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cannot take any sincere interest in a League, like the present, which is fundamentally intended to provide security for the appropriation by the victors of the economic and territorial spoils of a great war. No wonder Senator Lodge wants to carry the present fight into the Presidential compaign and no wonder the Democrats are reluctant to accept the challenge. The politicians know it, even if the Wilson liberals do not. The latter will lose far more than they will gain by trying to prolong the fight.

It is the business of American liberals to see that public opinion does not misinterpret the verdict. The American nation has decided that it will not assume an unlimited obligation to guarantee the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. But it has not decided against participating in a League of Nations whose object and tendency is to moralize the exercise of national power in international affairs rather than to perpetuate imperialism. The best way to prepare for the ultimate presentation to the American people of a genuine choice between the acceptance of its proper share of international responsibilities and the preservation of a selfish and exclusive national policy is to begin immediately an agitation for the summoning of another World Conference. The League of Nations in its existing form does not possess the power to cure its own defects. The Treaty is a much more formidable instrument than the Covenant. The democratic nations cannot obtain the kind and degree of international organization which is necessary for their own political security and health, unless they see the need of discarding a large part of the existing Treaty and of making a fresh start towards a more distant but a more desirable goal. There is some evidence that Englishmen are already drawing this obvious and salutary inference from the failure of the Paris Conference. Mr. J. L. Garvin has begun to plead as a necessary condition of future appeasement for the calling of a "new and far wider supreme Congress including all the late belligerents and as many neutrals as can be persuaded to join," which will try under more promising conditions to establish international order on the basis of the reign of law and the consent of the peoples of the world.

After the failure of the recent Conference and in particular after the demonstration of the hold which the spirit of exclusive and irresponsible nationalism still has upon American public opinion, an agitation for a new Conference may seem scarcely worth its inevitable cost. But that would be a superficial judgment. Internationalism is worth fighting for, not merely because it is indispensable to the safety of democracy, but because the older nationalism which authorizes every nation to sit as the judge on the moral justifiability of its own behavior will not work. Its failure to work is now being demonstrated. In spite of the Covenant the provisions of the peace treaty constitute an attempt to perpetuate this older nationalism. Europe cannot live and prosper under its provisions. In a few months the European nations will necessarily cease from their attempt to annex population and natural resources at the expense of their neighbors, just as they are being forced to stop their attacks on Soviet Russia. They will have to tackle the job of meeting their own domestic liabilities. As soon as they do so, their temper and their outlook will change for the better. Power will fall away from the political parties who live by exploiting aggressive national ambitions and will pass into the hands of parties which are capable of dealing drastically with the problem of domestic reconstruction. These parties, as an essential part of the work of domestic reconstruction, will have to look towards a better political and economic understanding with their neighbors. They will have to consider the substitution of a Switzerland in Eastern Europe for the Balkans which is created by the Treaty of Versailles. A change of this kind has already made some headway, although the disintegrating militant ambitions which determined the Treaty of Versailles and were encouraged by it have not yet spent their force. The temper of the European peoples is changing for the better.

We wish we could say as much for the temper of the dominant element in American opinion. There is less of the spirit of considerate and realistic adjustment on the part of America in the treatment of the problems both of domestic and foreign policy than in any other of the great nations, barring the exceptional cases of Italy and Russia. But the barren and senseless pugnacity of American nationalism at the present time is essentially unstable. Politicians may keep it ablaze until after the Presidential election, but as soon as it is victorious in that contest, as it probably will be, it will expire of its own ineptitude and lack of substance. Its victory will expose its emptiness and will remove the chief obstacle to a revival of the deeper American tradition of considerate constructive adjustment. When such a revival takes place, the mind of the American people will be much more open to conviction than it now is, as to the desirability of summoning a World Conference for the creation of a new body of international law and a better international organization and as to the full participation therein by the United States.

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The Committee of Seventeen

THE first industrial conference was based on the theory that the interests concerned should be represented by their leaders. The second, just appointed by the President, is based on the random selection of prominent citizens. Clearly the first conference had possibilities which the second does not have. It had the possibility of reaching agreements which would actually bind the men who dominate the conflict between capital and labor. An agreement by this second conference binds no one, presumably not even the Administration.

Did "the recognition of distinctive groups" wreck the first conference? Superficially yes, actually no. The proof lies in this consideration that no matter what scheme of industrial relations is worked out, it will have to secure the assent of the distinctive groups before it can be made effective. There is no escaping that. No resolution by prominent citizens even though they are backed by the Administration will operate in practice unless the distinctive groups concerned accept them as industrial law. Before any scheme can be operated it will have again to be referred to an industrial congress constituted on a theory similar to that of the first. But, it will be asked, why if the first congress was sound in theory did it fail in fact?

It failed, it seems to us, because no one had put any effective thinking on it in advance. The whole labor experience of the government during the war was ignored, the body of precedents established was neglected, there was not only no collection of facts, there were no means provided for ascertaining facts. The leaders of labor and capital met in an intellectual vacuum which was instantly filled by their opinions, prejudices, guesses and by the fighting dogmas of the steel strike. The public group entered the conference unprepared, unorganized, trusting to its genius for improvising clever compromises. It could not lead the conference because it had neither the prestige of power, which Mr. Gary and Mr. Gompers had, nor the prestige of knowledge. Because the public group had no plan for illuminating the deadlock with that fresh insight into the facts which alone can regroup the issues, the class differences dominated and wrecked the meeting.

This new Committee of Seventeen is with a change of personnel the rump of the first conference. The class representation, at least theoretically, has been eliminated. Now this may help them to secure unanimity in the conference, but it will not in itself secure results in industry. Therefore if this committee of seventeen makes the mistake of regarding itself as an industrial conference, it is doomed to disappointment. We think the gentlemen of that committee will agree, once they examine candidly their mandates and their tangible relation to the industrial conflict that they are simply a committee to prepare for the ultimate revival of a conference similar to the first.

The test of their contribution will be not in what they do, for they have no power to act, but in what they plan and invent. Whatever they plan and invent must go back to the government and to the representatives of capital and labor for decision and acceptance. To secure that acceptance their names and their prominence will be of no avail, nor can they rely upon their moral position. Everything depends upon their ability to analyze with such intellectual force and to construct with such statesmanlike precision that their conclusions have compelling force by sheer weight of authority.

That is a large order but nothing smaller will fill the bill. A problem which has perplexed and convulsed the world for generations is not to be solved between week-ends by busy men. Whoever is to find a way out which does justice to all parties concerned must be prepared to sacrifice himself in prolonged and nerve racking toil. The result cannot be obtained cheaply, nor by happy inspiration. Its foundation must be resolute scientific inquiry, covering months of anonymous drudgery and nerve racking consultation to the end that on the basis of an indisputable report a coherent body of principles can be laid before a truly representative industrial conference.

The pressure will be all the other way. The temptation will be to improvise and to pretend that a solution has been reached by direct inspiration. It should be severely repressed. If any report is made soon, it is to be hoped that it will constitute not a plan for industry but a plan of this committee's work, and if recommendations are made that they will cover the needs of the committee in the matter of funds, expert assistance, and powers of investigation.

For the committee will need a method and expert assistance. The committee itself is not only not representative; it is not, except in a few cases, expert. There are few men on it who are not amateurs in this field, and the committee will do well to recognize the nature of its own equipment. It lacks the direct experience of the employer and the trade union leaders and also the scientific experience of the men who are giving all their days and all their thought to the question. Its main assets are good will and disinterestedness. These qualities in them-

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selves are impotent. They count in real life only when they act through the machinery of expert knowledge.

The Elections West of the Rhine

EXCEPT in America, the parliaments that fought the war have now been supplanted by other parliaments, entrusted with the mission of restoring the foundations of peace. The recent elections in France, Italy and Belgium mark the final demobilization of war parliaments. They bring the governments closer to present public opinion, no doubt. But that is saying nothing about the actual political complexion of the new parliaments. Their chief tasks will be to place the national budgets on a stable foundation, to work out new plans for regulating foreign trade, to cope with the problems of inflated currencies and depreciated exchange, to establish satisfactory working relations between labor and capital so that national production may make head against industrial disorganization and general want. But how the new parliaments will go about these tasks there is no forecasting, at least in the case of France and Italy, because party divisions did not turn on them. The outgoing parliaments were elected on issues that had no bearing upon the real work they were destined to do, the conduct of a desperate and exhausting war. Curiously enough, the new parliaments will find themselves in similar case, compelled to execute programs for which they have no clear popular mandate.

In the French elections the dominant issues were the sustaining of the war and peace policies of Clemenceau, and the suppression of Bolshevism. These were natural issues, indeed. No country, having fought such a war as France has won, could have put war records aside and voted with a view to the realities of the future. In no country could the politicians have abstained from making use of so effective an electioneering device as the menace of Bolshevism. But the issues were none the less irrelevant. It was already known that the French nation was overwhelmingly content with Clemenceau's war policy, and only in slightly less degree with his diplomacy. And it was already known that Bolshevism presented no serious menace to French institutions. The urban middle class is too numerous, the difference between peasant and industrial worker too wide, to admit of a serious movement toward communism at the present time. The election merely proved, what all competent political observers knew, that the extreme socialists—of whom probably only a fraction would wish to adopt the Bolshevist program—remain a small minority of the electorate, though apparently not so small a minority as they were before the war, if we may accept the press reports of a poll of 1,700,000 votes as compared with 1,100,000 in 1914.

In Italy the menace of Bolshevism as an electioneering device was reinforced by the menace of militarism. Timorous souls might take their choice between the nightmare of a military dictatorship and a dictatorship of the proletariat, neither of which, apparently, was very near realization. The Catholics who had formerly abstained from voting appeared at the polls, to inject a new incalculable political element. The outcome is politically meaningless. The extreme Socialists were not punished, on the contrary, they gained considerably; the militarists were not rebuked; there is no certain mandate for any course or policy. There is not even sure ground for forecasting the new parliament's attitude toward such a pressing national problem as the question of the Adriatic. Will the next government dare to move openly for the annexation of Fiume, or for the reduction of d'Annunzio's forces to national control? The election does not say, any more than it says whether Italy shall be more or less protectionist than before the war, more or less disposed toward government intervention in industry.

The Belgian elections alone point definitely toward the future. Whether in consequence of the innovation of a really democratic basis of suffrage—one man one vote—or in consequence of a general change in public sentiment, the new parliament represents so radical a shift in political power that the government was impelled to resign when the returns came in. The Socialists—not differentiated into extreme and moderate wings—made notable gains and together with the liberals will be in a position to control the policy of the state. Belgium has no imperialistic ambitions; perhaps it is for that reason that she enters upon the era of peace with political parties organized on a basis that promises conclusive action on the domestic problems of reconstruction.

To those who feared that the Latin countries were permeated with Bolshevism, the total results of the elections will be profoundly reassuring. They will be profoundly discouraging to those who had hoped that the uncertainties and timidities of war parliamentary action would give way to vigorous and self-conscious policies capable of effecting an early economic rehabilitation of western Europe.

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Approaching Proof on Russia

> Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. *Mr. Justice Holmes.*

ALL prophecies in regard to Russia have been based upon imperfect knowledge. The conflict of testimony has been enormous, and the task of weighing the evidence an extraordinarily difficult one. But to-day it is almost certain that one set of prophecies has been largely verified and the other set overwhelmingly discredited. The discredited prophecies are those on which Allied policy has been based since the winter of 1918. The verified prophecies are those on which President Wilson's policy was based up to the time he was forced under external pressure to forswear his better judgment in July 1918.

Those who have always opposed military intervention in any form took a long chance. On imperfect evidence they chose a course based ultimately on their instinct for the realities in an obscure and distant part of the world. On what have they relied through these many months of uncertainty? First upon the historical lesson that Russia cannot be conquered by foreign armies. That vast and somewhat inchoate empire has powers of resistance which have always disintegrated the invader. Where Napoleon and Ludendorff had failed, the war weary Allies could not succeed. This was the fundamental strategic fact. But the interventionists would not face it. They dismissed it on the theory that they would enter Russia as the friends of the Russian people and that with enormous popular support behind them they would sweep away the adventurous dictators in Moscow.

Therefore the wisdom or the folly of intervention depended upon the truthfulness of the theory that Russians like Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, Korniloff, and Sazonov abroad, or people like Mr. Sack and M. Bakmeteff here did in fact speak for the Russian Democracy. This was the essential question. Were they or were they not the authorized spokesmen of that Russia which is not Bolshevist and not Tsarist? If they were the authorized spokesmen then there was something to be said for helping them, but if they were not then their propaganda was an impertinence and a fraud. In one sense they were entitled to a very careful hearing for they were pro-Ally at a time when the Germans were in the suburbs of Paris.

But their protestations were not adequate credentials. Now the first thing one noticed back in 1918 was that the censorships and propagandas were doctoring the Russian news. For some reason or other they were not dealing frankly with the Allied peoples. This ought to have put every one on his guard. Then there began to arrive a troupe of emissaries, as queer a collection of people as ever tried to influence a nation's policy. There was a lady colonel travelling under Allied auspices, and a titled Englishwoman and an abstract philosopher who had once been very fashionable. They all had the same tale to tell. Japanese and American armies were to enter Russia, the people were to rise in their support and an Eastern front was to be recreated. Our own military men knew better. Then there came back from Moscow and Petrograd the American Red Cross Mission composed of such men as Colonel W. B. Thompson, Colonel Raymond Robins, Majors Thacher and Wardwell. In a word they reported that the interventionist movement was confined to that very small class which constituted "indoor" as against "outdoor" Russia. They were the most disinterested witnesses available at that time, and what they said about the character of the interventionist party tallied extraordinarily with the known record of the old regime Russians in the Allied capitals.

It was true that Russian democrats like Kerensky and Breshkovskaya did for a time support the intervention but not for long, and when they changed they disappeared from the propaganda. It was this world-wide, vindictive, lying propaganda that finally convinced us that the intervention was an unsavory business. No good deed ever needed so much untruth to support it. The news dispatches were bedlam. More Bolsheviki have been captured and slain in the dispatches than there are Russians in Russia, and time after time Kolchak was victoriously capturing some village twenty miles in his own rear. The nationalization of women lie was clearly not the work of men working for Russian democracy, and the current picture of Soviet Russia as sheer anarchy simply could not be adjusted to the fact that the Soviet armies were conducting a successful defense on all fronts.

Finally there began to come in the evidence of the interventions at Archangel, in the Baltic provinces, in South Russia, and in Siberia. The Russian masses had not risen to support the intervention, and only by the exercise of supreme force were these ramshackle governments kept in being. At Archangel the Allies were defeated by mutinies of conscript Russians; Yudenitch's army, like Korniloff's before him has evaporated, Denikin's every step forward means revolution in his rear, and now Kolchak has been shattered by slight pressure from the Bolsheviks and by revolution at intervals all the way from Omsk to Vladivostok.

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The last pretense that Kolchak is the democratic saviour of Russia has now been dispelled by the very people who enabled him to seize power, and on whose behalf American troops are ostensibly in Siberia. On November 15th the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia delivered a memorandum to the Allies asking to be sent home and saying:

> "By guarding and maintaining order our army has been forced against its convictions to support a state of absolute despotism and unlawfulness which has had its beginning here under defence of the Czech arms. The military authorities of the Government of Omsk are permitting criminal actions that will stagger the entire world. The burning of villages, the murder of masses of peaceful inhabitants and the shooting of hundreds of persons of democratic convictions and also those only suspected of political disloyalty occur daily."

There speak the men who first took up arms against the Bolsheviki, the heroic Czecho-Slovaks whom we went to help, the army which has been in Siberia throughout the Kolchak adventure and was its first and chief support. Is any more evidence needed to convince Americans that those who acclaimed Kolchak were mistaken and those who repudiated him were right?

If they need more evidence it is to be found in the confidential opinions of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, General Smuts, and President Wilson last winter in Paris. The unchallenged testimony of Mr. Bullitt proves that the political leaders of America and England do not in their hearts believe that the propaganda of intervention is true. They said so to each other. They confirmed in private the essential truth of what those have always claimed who said that intervention was both horrible and futile. To them is added now the testimony of the Russian border states, of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Ukraine and probably Poland too, not to mention the Caucasian Republics. They are now in conference with the Soviets at Dorpat. Why? Because they have discovered that Kolchak and Denikin mean the restoration of the Russian autocracy and the end of their own independence.

From whatever angle the thing is studied there is no longer any doubt that the mass of the Russian people will support the Soviets against the old-regime generals and foreign bayonets. This is the truth on which our own attitude towards Russia has always rested, and we are entitled to say that the evidence has become steadily less imperfect. Those who listened to Robins, Thompson, Thacher and Wardwell have been ever so much more nearly right than those who listened to Sack and Sazonov and Pichon.

The time has come, as Mr. Lloyd George confesses, to liquidate the Russian folly. It is a universal disaster on all the frontiers of Russia, and would continue to be a disaster even if some general backed by tanks and gas should make a successful raid on Moscow or Petrograd. There is nothing in that policy except death and mutilation and the permanent embitterment of the Russian people. What then of the future? It lies in the negotiation of peace with Russia by the lifting of the blockade and a stoppage of the subsidies to civil war.

Those who have prophesied rightly as to the tragic mistake of intervention have all along prophesied also that the restoration of peace would bring either the fall of the Bolsheviks through the rise to power of more moderate parties, or the gradual penetration of the whole soviet system with men and ideas who would modify the extremist tendencies of the present regime. This prophecy remains to be verified, but the same reasoning and the same principles which are vindicated in the matter of intervention are its basis. We believe it will be fulfilled because we believe that the Bolshevists have secured the loyalty of non-Bolshevist Russians who are defending the first revolution and the Fatherland against counter-revolutionists and invaders. We believe that peace will relax the discipline of Red Russia as it has the discipline of every other belligerent, that party interests will reassert themselves, that the opposition will compel the granting of civil liberty, and that the process of compromise will set in with the revival of industry.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRES.; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Invisible Censor

NOT long ago I met a writer who happened to apply the word "cheap" to Mr. Strachey's Eminent Victorians. It astonished me, because this was an erudite, cultivated woman, a distinguished woman, and she meant what she said.

A "cheap" effect, I assume, is commonly one that builds itself on a false foundation. It may promise beautifully but it never lives up to its promise. Whether it is a house or a human character, a binding or a book, it proves itself gimcrack and shoddy. It hasn't the goods. And in Eminent Victorians, as I remembered it (having read it to review it), this was the last thing to be said. The book began by fitting exquisitely but it went on fitting exquisitely. It never pulled or strained or chafed. And the memory of it wears like a glove.

Now why, after all, did I like this book so thoroughly, which my distinguished friend thought so cheap? For many minor reasons of course, as one likes anything—contributory reasons—but principally, as I laboriously analyzed it, because in Eminent Victorians the invisible censor was so perfectly understood. What seemed cheap to her ladyship was, I do not doubt, the very thing that made Eminent Victorians seem so precious to me—the deft disregard of appearances, the refusal to let decorum stand in the way of our possessing the facts. This to my critic was a proof that Mr. Strachey was imperceptive and vulgar—"common" the ugly word is. To me it simply proved that he knew his game. What he definitely disregarded, as so many felt, was not any decorum dear and worth having. It was simply that decorum which to obey is to produce falsification. The impeccable craft of Mr. Strachey was shown in his evaluation, not his acceptance, of decorum. He did not take his characters at their face value, while he did not do the other vulgar thing, go through their careers with a muck-rake. In vivisecting them (the awful thing to do, presumably), he never let them die on him. He opened them out, but not cruelly or brutally. He did it as Mr. William Johnston plays tennis or as Dr. Blake is said to operate or as Dr. Muck conducts an orchestra or as Miss Kellerman dives. He did it for the best result under the circumstances and with a form that comes of a real command of the substance —genuine "good form."

The essential achievement of Eminent Victorians is worth dwelling on because in every book of social character the question of the invisible censor is unavoidably present. By the censor I do not mean that poor blinkered government official who decides on the facts that are worthy of popular acquaintance. I mean a still more secret creature of still more acute solicitude who feels that social facts must be manicured and pedicured before they are fit to be seen. He is not concerned with the facts themselves but with their social currency. He is the supervisor of what we say we do, the watchman over our account and our theoretical estimate of ourselves. His object, as I suppose, is to keep up the good old institutions, to set their example before the world, to govern the imitative monkey in us. And to fulfill that object he continually revises and blue-pencils the human legend. He is constantly at the elbow of every man or woman who writes. An invisible, scarcely suspected of existing, he is much more active, much more solidly entrenched, than the legal censor whom liberals detest.

Every one is now more or less familiar with the Freudian censor, the domesticated tribal agent whose function it seems to be to enforce the tribal scruples and superstitions—to keep personal impulse where the tribe thinks it belongs. This part of the ego—to give it a spatial name—came in for a good deal of excited remonstrance in the early days of popular Freudian talk. Today, I think, the censor is seldom so severely interpreted. In many cases there is clearly a savagery or a stupidity which brings about "the balked disposition," but it is being admitted that the part which is regulated by the censor, the "disposition" end of the ego, may not always be socially tolerable; and as for the "balking," there is a difference between blunt repressiveness and enlightened regulation. Still, with all this acceptance of ethics, the nature of the censorship has to be recognized—the true character of the censor is so often not taste or conscience in any clear condition but an uninstructed agency of herd instinct, an institutional bully. In the censor as he appears in psycho-analytic literature there is something of the archaic, the irrational and the ritualistic—all just as likely to ask for decorum for themselves as is the thing in us which is against license and anarchy.

In the censor for whom I am groping, the censor to whom Eminent Victorians is so subversive, there are particularly these irrational and ritualistic characteristics, these remnants of outgrown institutions, these bondages of race and sex, of class and creed. Most biography, especially official biography, is

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written with such a censor in mind, under his very eye. Where Eminent Victorians was refreshing and stimulating was precisely in its refusal to keep him in mind. Hovering behind Eminent Victorians we see agonized official biography, with its finger on its lips, and the contrast is perhaps the chief delight that Mr. Strachey affords. When Cardinal Manning's pre-clerical marriage, for example, came to be considered by Mr. Strachey, he did not obey the conventional impulse, did not subordinate that fact of marriage as the Catholic Church would wish it to be subordinated (as a matter of "good taste," of course). He gave to that extremely relevant episode its due importance. And so Manning, for the first time for most people, took on the look not so much of the saintly cardinal of official biography as of a complex living man.

What does the censor care for this aesthetic result? Very little. What the censor is chiefly interested in is, let us say, edification. He aims by no means to give us access to the facts. He aims not at all to let us judge for ourselves. With all his might he strives to relate the facts under his supervision to the end that he thinks desirable, whatever it may be. And so when facts come to light which do not chime in with his prepossession, he does his best either to discredit them or to set them down as immoral, heretical or contrary to policy. And the policy that he is serving is not aesthetic.

A theory of the aesthetic is now beside the point, but I am sure it would move in a relation to human impulses very different from the relation of the censor. The censor is thinking, presumably, of immediate law and order, with its attendant conventions and respectabilities. The aesthetic could not be similarly bound. It is not reckless of conduct, but surely enormously reckless of decorum, with its conventions and respectabilities clustering around the status quo. Hence the apparent "revolt" of modernism, the insurrection of impulse against edification.

But there is more in Eminent Victorians than an amusing, impish refusal to edify. There is the instructive contrast between the "censored celebrity" and the uncensored celebrity disinterestedly observed. Disinterestedly observed, for one thing, we get something in these celebrities besides patriotism and mother-love and chastity and heroism. We get hot impulses and cold calculations, brandy and treachery, the imperious and the supine, glorious religiousness and silly family prayers. And these things, though very unlike the products of official photography, are closely related to impulses as we know them in ourselves. To find them established for Mr. Strachey's "eminent" Victorians is to enjoy a constant dry humor, since the invisible censor, the apostle of that expediency known as edification, stood at the very heart of Victorianism.

This is possibly why Samuel Butler, in his autobiographical way, is so remarkable as a Victorian. In the midst of innumerable edifying figures, he declined to edify. When people said to him, "Honor thy father and thy mother," he answered in effect that his father was a pinhead theologian who had wanted to cripple his mentality, and his mother was, to use his own phrase, full of the seven deadly virtues. This was not decorous but it had the merit of being true. And all the people whose unbidden censors had been forcing good round impulses into stubborn parental polygons immediately felt the relief of this revelation. Not all of them confess it. When they have occasion to speak or write about "mothers"—as if the biological act of parturition brings with it an unquestionable "mother" psyche—most of them still allow the invisible censor to govern them and represent them as having feelings not really their own. But even this persistence of the censor could not deprive Samuel Butler of his effectiveness. He has spoken out, regardless of edification, and that sort of work cannot be undone.

A similar work is performed by such highly personal confessants as Marie Bashkirtseff and W. N. P. Barbellion, and even by Mary MacLane. The account that these impulsive human beings give of themselves is sensational simply because it clashes with the strict preconception that we are taught to establish. But only a man who remembers nothing or admits nothing of his own impulses can deny the validity of theirs. The thing that takes away from their interest, as one grows older, is the unimportance of the censorship that agonizes them. Their documentary value being their great value, they lose importance as more specific and dramatic documents become familiar. And with psychoanalysis there has been a huge increase in the evidence of hidden life. It is the Montaignes who remain, the confessants who offer something beside a psychological document—a transcendence which is not incoherent with pain.

But these various confessions are significant. They indicate the existence and the vitality of the censor. They show that in the simplest matters we have not yet attained freedom of speech. Why? Because, I imagine, the world is chockful of assumptions as to conduct which, while irrational and ritualistic and primitive, have all sorts of sanctions thrown around them and will take a whole new art of education to correct. Until this art is established and these assumptions are automatically rectified, it will be impossible to exercise free speech comfortably. An attempt may be made, of course, and indeed must be made, but to succeed too well will

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for many years mean either being exterminated or being ostracized.

It is not hard to show how each of us becomes an agent of the invisible censorship in turn. You, for instance, may have a perfectly free mind on the subject of suffrage but you may have extremely strong views on the subject of sex. (Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, to be specific, thinks that Fielding is nothing but a "smutty" author.) Or you may think yourself quite emancipated on the subject of sex-desires and be hopelessly intolerant on the subject of the Bolsheviki. The French Rights of Man held out, after all, for the sacred rights of property —and the day before that, it was considered pretty advanced to believe in the divine right of kings. It is not humanly possible, considering how relative liberalism is, to examine all the facts or even convince oneself of the necessity of examining them, and in every case we are sure to be tempted to oppose certain novel ideas in the name of inertia, respectability and decorum. To dissemble awkward facts, in such cases, is much easier than to account for them—and that is where the censor comes in.

I do not say that it is possible to do away with every discipline, even the rule-of-thumb of decorum. As a subservient middle-class citizen, I believe in the regulation of impulse. But as an intellectual fact the use of the blue-pencil in the interests of decorum is exceedingly inept. Human impulses are much too lively to be extinguished by the denial of expression. And if sane expression is denied to them, they'll find expression of another kind.

Decorum has its uses, especially on the plane of social intercourse. I admit this all the more eagerly because I have seen much of one brilliant human being who has practically no sense of opposition. If he sees something that he wants, he helps himself. It may be the milk on the lunch-table that was intended for Uncle George. It may be the new volume from England that it took nine weeks to bring across. It may be the company of some sensitive gentlewoman or the busy hour of the mayor of Chicago. The object makes no visible difference in my friend. If he wants it he sticks out his hand and takes it. And if it comes loose he holds on.

Associated with this aggressiveness there is a good deal of purpose not self-regarding. The man is by no means all greedy maw. But the thing that distinguishes him is the quickness and frankness with which he obeys his impulse. Between having an impulse and acting on it takes him a miraculously short time.

In dealing with such a man, I find, most people begin hilariously. Not all of them keep up with him in the same heroic spirit. At first it is extraordinarily stimulating to find a person who is so "creative," who sweeps so freely ahead. Soon, however, the dull obligations, the tedious details, begin to accumulate, and the man with the happy impulsiveness leaves all these dull obligations to his struggling friends. His lack of decorum in these respects is a source of hardship and misunderstanding, especially where persons of less energy or more circumspection are attendant. In his case, I admit, I see the raw problem of impulse, and I am glad to see his impulse squelched.

But even this barbarian is preferable to the apathetic repressed human beings by whom he is surrounded. Harnessed to the right interests, he is invaluable because "creative." And he should never be blocked in, he should at most be canalled.

The evil of the censor, at any rate, is never illustrated in his rational subordination of impulse but in those subordinations that violate human and social freedom. And the worst of them are the filmy, the vague, the subtle subordinations that take away the opportunity of truth. Life is in itself a sufficiently difficult picture-puzzle, but what chance have we if the turnip-headed censor confiscates some particular indispensable fragment that he chooses to dislike? On reading Eminent Victorians, how we rejoice to escape from those wax effigies that we once believed to be statesmen—the kind of effigies of which text-books and correct histories and correct biographies are full. How we rejoice to escape from them, wondering that they had ever imposed on us, wondering that teachers and pious families and loyal historians ever lent themselves to this conspiracy against truth. But the horrible fact is, Mr. Strachey is one in a million. He has only poked his finger through the great spider-web of so-called "vital lies."

Meanwhile, in all the decorous and respectable biographies, the same old "vital lies" are being told. The insiders, the initiated, the disillusioned, are aware of them. They no longer subsist on them. They read between the lines. And yet when the insiders see in print the true facts—say, about Robert Louis Stevenson or Swinburne or Meredith or John Jones—these very insiders rush forward with a Mother Hubbard to fling around the naked truth. We must not speak the truth. We must edify. We must bring our young into a spotless, wax-faced world.

It means that we need a revolution in education, nothing less. It means that the truth must be taken out of the hands of the censor. We must be prepared to shed oceans of ink.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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The American Opportunity in China

THE average American probably regards the past course of the United States in China with complacency, and imagines that we have won a like admiration from the Chinese. Even the casual newspaper reader knows of the return of the Boxer indemnity, and supposes in a hazy way that our declaration in behalf of the Open Door in China succeeded in arresting the partitioning of China. The better informed reader takes pride in the consistently enlightened diplomacy of the United States exemplified in Cushing, Burlinghame and Hay, and the insistence upon comparatively mild measures after the Boxer revolt had been put down. Our entire course, we readily fancy, is one that has secured for us the grateful confidence and respect of the Chinese. Our treatment of Chinese immigrants on the Pacific coast and our exclusion act may occur to us, but we quickly put such disagreeable thoughts out of mind as so much past history.

It is worth while to ask how far our notion of the Chinese attitude towards us corresponds with the facts. Or if this way of putting the matter implies a false assumption regarding the universality of public opinion in China, then what is the attitude of an influential section of public men, and what are the grounds upon which it is based? The result of the inquiry even if unflattering will be a necessary preliminary to the conception of a proper policy for the future. To give the uncomplimentary answer in a few words, our prior behavior has left with many Chinese, especially those who have not been in the United States, the impression that we are not, in our foreign dealings, a very practical people; that we lack alertness, quickness of decision in emergencies, promptness of action, and especially persistence. And all this even where our own interests are at stake. We are thought of as, upon the whole, a well disposed people, but somewhat ineffectual in action. Even gratitude for our refusal to enter into the game of grabbing China is colored by a suspicion that perhaps we lacked the energy and skill to engage successfully in the game.

The immediate background of this feeling is connected with the contest of Japan and the United States in the past two and a half years for prestige and moral authority, a rather passive contest, to be sure, as far as the United States is concerned. Some parts of the record have a definite bearing on the obstacles that are in the way of a successful American policy in the Far East. The expressed objectives and ideals of the United States in entering the war and the vigor with which we went in aroused the greatest enthusiasm in a certain section of Chinese public men. For a time it looked as if there were to be a powerful liberal party with pro-Americanism for one of the most important planks in its platform. Enthusiasm for the Allied cause ran high. Even the militarists who are now in control were anti-Japanese in the early months of 1917. Eloquent testimony is given by the fact that diplomatic relations were broken off with Germany without consultation with any of the Japanese representatives. In fact the Japanese minister being out of China at that time, Japan did not know of the event until it was an accomplished fact. There was then much zeal for an active participation of Chinese troops on the western front. The militarists wanted it because of the training that the army would get; the liberals because they were pro-Ally and pro-democracy; all because they saw the advantage for China of a share in the international negotiations at the end of the war. Plans were made to use the seized interned German ships for transporting troops. But the Allies were short of shipping and parcelled out the ships themselves. If American diplomacy made any effort to help the Chinese carry out their own plans, it was either defeated or no knowledge of the effort came to the ears of the Chinese.

Then China needed money, and needed it badly. She needed money not only for internal reorganization but for active participation in the war. The United States was making regular advances to the other Allies. China wanted a loan and got nothing. The Japanese overwhelmed her with financial proffers. Current gossip insists that more or less of the funds stuck in the pockets of corrupt Chinese officials. But in the larger sense the accuracy of this allegation is negligible. The outstanding fact is that Japan came forward when the United States did not. From this time dates the hold of Japan upon Chinese official circles. Another fact cooled the ardor of even the military people for an active share in the war.

After August of 1917, the military fortunes of the Allies sank to their lowest. Many Japanese leaders became convinced that German victory was either inevitable or that the war would end in a deadlock which would be almost equivalent to German victory. Responsible statesmen, men who had been prime ministers and heads of the foreign of-

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fice, publicly stated that while Japan would be faithful to her allies throughout the war, an international re-alignment was almost certain after the war. Japan had already undertaken the necessary rapprochement with Russia, obviously undertaken in part with a view to resisting the growth of American influence in the Far East. Where would China be after the war in the case of an alliance offensive and defensive between Japan and Russia and Germany? It was obvious prudence for her to tread softly and give no offence to the powers which in the near future were likely to dominate the Far East. It is, I am convinced, impossible to exaggerate the influence of this factor in determining the present position of forces. For while the forecast did not come out according to specifications, in the meantime a situation was created which was pro-Japanese and indifferent to America. Even recently the man who is credited with being the head of the pro-Japanese military party in the government circles (and who is known as an incorruptible man) said that China had to be pro-Japanese, because Japan was so powerful in army and navy and also so nearby. "If the Pacific shrinks to a pond we shall be pro-American."

This is the concrete background upon which to project more general considerations regarding Chinese opinion of American policy. While Americans commence their account with, say, the benevolent return of the Boxer indemnity, the Chinese are likely to recall that as a positive force the United States opened its Far Eastern career with proposals for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, and then met a defeat at the hands of Russia and Japan. This in itself was nothing very important. All countries receive diplomatic checks. But as it looks to the Chinese, after proposing a large scheme and meeting initial rebuffs, the American government neither made use of its check to secure a compensating advance elsewhere, nor did it try other means to maintain the principle it had laid down.

The affair of the Hankow-Peking railway strikes them also as an example of the tendency of the American government to conceive rather grandiose schemes and then fall down or withdraw when resistance is encountered. Through the American Red Cross valuable flood relief work was done. But there was also a large engineering plan for the regulation of the water-ways. After an original flourish, that too dissolved. The Siems-Carey railway projects may not be a case in point, for they may be in a state of suspended animation rather than of death. But the fact remains that the United States is the only great power that has nothing to show in China in achievement on a large scale. Or rather our one decided achievement is in the educational line where confessedly we are far ahead. But this success is not of a kind to be impressive when it comes to determination of international affairs. The cases given must stand as samples of the facts that have led educated and influential Chinese to feel that America could not be seriously counted upon. The Chinese have not, like some other nations, set us down as bluffers. But the cases mentioned together with our failure to do much except utter words in behalf of the "Open Door," have led to the feeling that we readily emit large and good schemes, but are ineffectual when it comes to the test of action. The Chinese do not carry sentiment into practical matters. They judge by results not by intentions. In contrast with ourselves, they have found the Japanese constantly on the job, never allowing anything to get by, taking advantage of every opening, stimulated by obstacles only to renewed or redirected effort, quick, patient, persistent, unremitting. If Japan had not blundered hugely in estimating Chinese national sentiment, China might already have put its foreign policies mainly into the hands of Japan. For if China has to depend upon some outside power, there was much to say for relying, even at great cost to itself, upon a nation that was acute, vigorous, vigilant, and that never abandoned a plan after it started to realize it. To the Americans, Baron Shibusawa's proposal for Japanese-American cooperation in China, the United States to furnish the money and Japan the brains, did not seem altogether tactful in form of expression. But it is not likely that the great Japanese financier-philanthropist meant to imply that universally speaking Japanese intelligence is superior. He spoke rather on the basis of the fact that the Japanese have used their brains actively and persistently in pushing their policies in China, and Americans have not.

Now, of course, the reply to all this from an American standpoint is easy. We have never had large enough interests in the Far East to make it worth while to keep our attention and energy concentrated. We have never, beyond the Monroe doctrine, gone in for a continuous foreign policy, as have other great powers. We have had so many other profitable ways of investing capital that it paid better to switch off to any other scheme than to bother too long in putting through a railway or other plan in the face of constant irritating and delaying obstacles. And in addition it is to our credit that we have never had the close alliance of business enterprise and governmental action which has characterized the policy of every other great

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power in dealing with economically backward countries and with China. From the American standpoint, excuses, and good ones, are as plenty as blackberries. But after all, as has been indicated, justifications and reasons do not concern the Chinese when it comes to their formulation of policy in foreign relations. They are interested in past results, in the actual outcome, as a means of forecasting the probable course of the future.

The war has now conclusively demonstrated that the United States can act promptly, efficiently and on a large scale in its foreign affairs. Unfortunately the contrast between President Wilson's words and the concrete results of the Peace Conference—a contrast that circumstances make glaringly conspicuous in China—tends to restore the older idea about the United States. Yet not wholly; there is a new interest and a new expectation on the part of important leaders while the masses of people look pathetically toward us for their redemption. The historic friendliness of sentiment toward the United States is so reinforced that it is an asset of great potentiality. The problem is the practical one of turning it to account by a constructive policy in action. It cannot be said that there is any single specific political act which is absolutely indispensable. But there is a line of action which would be fatal, at least for a considerable time. After so much talk about Shantung, to allow matters to go by default, or to permit them to drift, would be to confirm the worst opinions about the instability and futility of our policies. Some kind of definite course, persistently followed up, is a necessity unless China is to fall into practical vassalage to another nation. For help from without China must have. While the peace settlement has made the political international issue most acute for the moment, the financial and industrial question is the important one in the long run. Here lies the great chance of the United States. The introduction of a unified comprehensive currency system, a unified comprehensive railway system, improved modern harbors and terminal facilities, the reconstruction of the inland water-way system to improve transportation and avoid destructive floods—these are samples of the important tasks that must be undertaken. At the present time the United States is the only country that combines the requisite capital, engineering ability and executive talent.

The important thing is that by undertaking big things on a large scale the United States will get around much of the competition that breeds irritation and suspicion. If the scale is big enough, there will be no competition. Japan is not prepared to take hold of these matters on a large scale. A negative policy that can be interpreted as putting obstacles in the way of the legitimate development of Japan is fraught with dangers. To concentrate upon big enterprises in a constructive way will leave Japan plenty of opportunities, while it will once and for all avert the possibility of rendering China a virtual subject of Japan—a danger which the best friends of Japan must admit to be real as long as the militaristic-bureaucratic element continues to dominate her policies. The serious source of evil in the present situation is the likelihood that the United States will have sufficient interest in the Far East to talk a great deal, to act in minor ways but upon the whole in ways which can be construed with more or less justice as having for their main object to thwart the ambitions of other countries, especially Japan.

It is not necessary to say that the next few years are crucial. In China as elsewhere reconstruction is imminent, but for the time being things are in solution. Distance has its disadvantages in all the lesser relations. But it can be made an advantage if the attention of America is fixed on large scale undertakings. A considerable part of past friction in accomplishing things under foreign direction in China is due to failure to secure the administrative cooperation of the Chinese. American enterprise should be reasonably free from the temptation to fill such positions with economic carpet-baggers. The Chinese students who have studied and who are studying in America supply a definite nucleus for administrative cooperation. If there are not enough such trained persons among the Chinese then business plans should include an extension of educational facilities to train the required number. The great stumbling-block of the past, the lack of active alliance between business interests and political governmental authority, can also be converted into a positive asset. The Chinese, like the Americans, have the tradition of industrial self-help; they are constitutionally averse to governmental activities. To get around the government, with its almost unbreakable traditions of procrastination, obstruction and corruption is an advance step. And this can largely be effected by enlisting the cooperation of Chinese voluntaryism. It cannot be done however by sending subordinates to carry out plans made without Chinese consultation. Leaders must come whom Chinese leaders recognize as their equals and who are intellectually prepared to deal with Chinese leaders as equals. And the plans must be on such a scale that it is evident while ample security and reasonable profit are given foreign investors the outcome will be to make China the mistress of her own economic destinies. When this is accom-

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Moments in the Steel Strike

MEN are standing. They stand in the aisles and by the walls and in the doorways. Other men are sitting in seats, on the main floor and in the gallery. The hall is very large, and it is full. Men are standing on the main floor between the first row of seats and the speakers' platform. Men are standing on the platform back of the speakers. The speakers speak to them in the languages of the Europe of the Slavs. The men listen. They smile, they applaud, they are intent. They do not break out. They sit listening, unmoving. They stand listening, unshuffling. They stand with muscles motionless, with nerves unjumping. They have been there two hours. They have been on strike eight weeks. They hear the speakers to the end. They begin to move from the hall. They choke the aisles and the corridors and the stairways. They sway and lean and give. They move on, lurchingly, accommodatingly, patiently. In the mills they endured indignities patiently. They move on back to the vigil of the strike patiently. They are of those who came out of their church at Braddock and at sight were trampled to earth under the horses of the troopers of the State and moved on, with their wounded, unresistingly, patiently. They move on now down the stairways of the hall to the troopers again. Their faces are faces beaten with toil, weariness, insult. Their eyes are perplexed, unhurried. The dead of the strike are their dead. They have listened to the tale of them without tumult. They move on into the street without gesture. They disperse down the street to the strike silently. They are the Slav mass of the mills, grinding slowly, grinding exceeding small.

It is the great central office of the great strike. It is one room. It is a small room. At the right side of it I see Mr. Foster, at a desk. Near the back wall I see a table and, behind the table, Mrs. Foster and two or three young women who are engaged in working at some piles of sheets of paper. At the left I see Edwin Newdick, who used to be dispenser of publicity for the War Department in Washington; and I see a distinguished woman writer who writes elsewhere for much money and writes here for none; and I see, on the table before them, a type-writer. It is the great central office of the great strike.

Mr. Foster sits at lunch in a little restaurant. He has not eaten breakfast. He does not eat breakfast. He is a disbeliever in breakfast. He is a believer, though, in food. He eats twice a day, at any hours convenient, in restaurants where the food is good. Mrs. Foster's cooking is good. In this restaurant the cooking is good. It is a little Jewish restaurant. The bills the waiter brings are little, too. Mr. Foster eats rapidly and inquires: "Why is there less liberty and why is there more autocracy by the authorities in Pennsylvania than in some other places?" He inquires and he answers. There was an article in the Unpopular Review in which the writer made out that capitalism meant liberty. It was an able article. People have more liberty often under capitalism than they had before. But it is not because of the will of the capitalist. It is because of a lack of unity among capitalists in certain places. In New York, in Chicago, for instance, there are many industries. The capitalists in those industries cannot act with united understanding and purpose. But in Pittsburgh there is really just one industry. It is master. The capitalists in it can act with a thorough unity, knowing what they want and getting it. In such places capital has its way, unhindered by competition within itself. It similarly has its way in company towns. There it restricts liberty. Places of diversified industries: more liberty. Places of unified industry: less liberty. He suggests this formula. He refuses coffee. He refuses tobacco. He takes a toothpick. He holds it between his small white teeth and talks of diet. He had saved one of his organizers from total collapse at a fateful instant by persuading him to go on a milk diet. That organizer will now even carry a bottle of milk in his pocket. Mr. Foster is pleased. He speaks elaborately of the details of the scientific management of strikes—from diet to the making of accounting systems for men enrolled and dues paid. He dwells with enthusiasm on technique. He speaks much of the technique of the mind—of psychology, of moments at which certain things can be done, of moments at which they can not be done. He speaks with the rough words and with the gentle tones and with the serious surface face and with the continuous underground humor of the American of the traditional West. He lavishes humor on the details of the saving of a great organizer and of a great critical social situation by milk. He concludes. He rises from the restaurant and walks leanly and with long quick steps back to his office, his clear smooth pale skin taking quick color in the air.

A representative of the Inter-Church World-

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Movement is standing before a striker. This representative is a member of the special committee of the Movement, gathered from many places and from many communions, to examine the strike. This striker is an American, skilled in work, high in wage. He speaks of hours. He worked the 12-hour day. He worked it on the 10-hour 14-hour schedule. This schedule is: a 10-hour day-shift for a term, a 14-hour night shift for an ensuing equal term, a 24-hour shift in between the two terms. The striker speaks of total hours, of distributed hours, of statistics of time. Then he says: "I had three children. One of them died this year. She was the oldest. She was seven. I never knew her. When I was at home, and she was awake, I was at work or I was asleep. I was getting over the 14-hour shift. I never knew that child. Do you know what I intend to do? I intend to know the other two."

The representative of the Inter-Church World-Movement stands before Mr. Irvine, an organizer. Mr. Irvine speaks of collective bargaining. He is a regular of the American Federation of Labor. He is solid, stocky, florid, very blue-eyed, square-faced, strong-featured, a duplicate of many a picture of A British Manufacturer. He speaks with the measured speech of a manufacturer to stockholders. He is a regular, engaged in a regular strike. "It is collective bargaining," he says. That is the issue. In this town the men offered the open shop. The Company claimed it was running an open shop. I will bring you our men who were discharged for joining the union. They had worked for the Company five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years. I will bring you a list of them. They were desirable employees for all that time. When they joined the union they were discharged as 'undesirable.' The Company has claimed an open shop—open to all. It has proved that only collective bargaining will open that shop to union men. Only one issue covers this strike: collective bargaining."

A speaker from outside the strike is speaking. He is speaking to 1,200 strikers. He begins with a smile. He says: "Fellow-Reds." There is no smile in the audience. He repeats his pleasantry. He says: "Fellow-Bolsheviks." The audience freezes. Mr. Manly, a regular organizer, rises to speak. He says: "These birds down there in New York, who never go into a steel mill, but they can buy $37,000 fur-coats for the wives they have now, after they got rid of their real wives, that stuck to them when they were poor, and they buy these $37,000 fur-coats and they buy palaces and they fill these palaces up with all kinds of things that you can't get when the country is dry, and they fill them up with servants standing around in every door to keep everybody out, and they do it with your money; they do it with the money they take off you, that you earn in the steel-mill, that you earn by working from five o'clock in the evening to seven o'clock in the morning, that you need for a $7 dress for your woman; and you want some of that money back; you want some of your own money back; and they call you a Bolshevik! Think of it! When you say you aren't getting all you earn, when you say the other fellow is robbing you, they call you a Bolshevik! Think of it!" From the audience spasms of delight, laughter, rockings of laughter, and then applause in a yell when Mr. Manly on tip-toe shouts through the storm of good humor: "You want to make those birds into Americans."

A slender man, with white hair, with a look of business. He is bent on business. He organizes businesses, in the wake of the strike. He attends strike-meetings. He goes to towns where organizers have been driven out. He likes towns where the merchants have driven out the organizers. He has a message for the merchants. He delivers it to the strikers. It is a commercial message. It comes from the United Mine Workers. Mr. Stiles is employed by the United Mine Workers. He is a miner. He delivers a message of saving, buying, selling, managing, risking, profiting, accounting—the business virtues—to workingmen. He is what is called a co-operative organizer. Following the strike, accompanying the strike, swimming in its waves, Mr. Stiles organizes workingmen's co-operative stores.

Every striker in the place is saying "Dominick." Young men, old men, get up out of their seats as he goes by. "Are you all right, Dominick?" They reach for his hand. On the platform he smiles at them with a smile soft and of white light, from a face dark, broad-boned, rugged. He begins with a long story about Garibaldi. And when Garibaldi came to Rome, Garibaldi said: "I have come to stay." The audience shouts: "Dominick." "I will stay," says Dominick. He speaks of the mob. It was headed by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. It had come to him. It had come to other organizers. It had told them to leave town. He had said: "I will go when the authorities tell me to go." They had said: "We will make you go." He had been arrested. He had spent two days in a cell. He was taken before the

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Mayor. The Mayor had said: "If you stay, there will be trouble." Dominick had said: "Who is it will make that trouble? Me? Did I make any trouble? Will you give me the order to go?" "No," the Mayor had said, "but I advise you to go." "He advise me to go," says Dominick from the platform. "He advise me to go. He think the mob will get me. He does not say he will protect me from thata mob. He advise me to go. He does not say I have done anything. He does not take me before the judge for anything. He advise me to go. I am American citizen. I stay." He stays. Others, threatened, go. He goes as far as the street. Foreigners of all races, native-born Americans of all racial origins, reach for his hand again. "You're looking fine, Dominick." He goes across the street and into a public restaurant and passes a member of the mob and sits at table. He sits. He stays. Domenico Gelotti stays.

Mr. Brown is talking about the I. W. W. He used to organize timber-workers against them in the West. He now is organizing steel workers. He is of the A. F. of L. He was himself a timber-worker—a shingle-weaver. Some of his fingers, dented or shortened, give him a sort of trade-label. He stretches his easy, ample, and very tall body in his chair and he grins. "It's all right for you to say why did we let the I. W. W.'s get so many members in the woods and the saw-mills out there. It's all right. But did you ever do any organizing against an I. W. W. organizer? The I. W. W. don't have to eat. He don't have to sleep. He leaks through a brick wall. He gets his stuff printed when no printing-shop will print it for him. He's a fanatic. But that's just by the side. Here's the real trouble. We regular American Federation of Labor fellows, we go out and make our argument. What do we say? Well, what are we? We're regular fellows. We say: 'Join our union and we will go and talk to the boss and get things fixed so they're right.' That's our talk. Talk to the boss. We do it by talking to the boss. That's what we're for. We're an organization for talking, conferring. We're an organization for meeting with the boss. Then what happens? The boss says, 'Nix. No meetings. I won't meet with anybody. I'm a lumberman.' And then the I. W. W. says to the men: 'Who's crazy now? We told you it was this A. F. of L. fellow. He's going to fix up a scheme for sitting around a table nice and friendly with the boss. But the boss ain't there. He says he won't come. We told you this A. F. of L. fellow was dreaming. He's got a nut loose. What you want to do is join an organization that's right down on the ground. Go after this boss the only way he can understand. Join a fighting organization and when the time comes crack him. We're the fellows that was right about him all along.' That's what the I. W. W. says. Then where are we? We're sort of swimming around with nothing to hang on to. It's hard to organize an A. F. of L. union against an I. W. W. boss. There was lots of them out there, that kind of bosses." Mr. Brown pursues his reminiscences. He has seen things in industry, and he knows the sequels of things in industry, but he seems to know his own duty. He glances at the clock and goes out to a meeting of strikers organized into an A. F. of L. union to offer conference to Mr. Gary.

WILLIAM HARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Sisson on the Plumb Plan

SIR: In your issue of October 8 you saw fit to comment editorially on some public comments of my own in regard to the proposed Plumb Plan for solving the railroad problem in this country. I, of course, appreciate fully that there is a wide opportunity for honest differences of opinion in regard to this matter which opens the way to an indefinite discussion, which I do not propose at this time to undertake. There are, however, certain statements in your editorial which seem to me, in simple justice to myself, to require a brief reply.

In speaking of the Plumb Plan in my article, I referred not to the mere text of the tentative measure presented to Congress, but its amplification in the testimony given by Mr. Plumb himself before the Congressional Committee. I was discussing "the Plumb Plan" as outlined by its author, and not the Sims bill. A real comprehension of the Plumb Plan and its ultimate working out can only be gained in an understanding of the purposes and ideas of its sponsors. These have been stated by them publicly and constitute the essence of the plan, which was the subject of my comment.

The mental attitude of Mr. Plumb and those supporting his plan is clearly reflected in Mr. Plumb's own statement that twelve billion dollars would be an ample amount to cover the purchase of the more than eighteen billion dollars of railroad securities outstanding, and clearly indicates the bias of the whole scheme.

It should be understood that the question of determining the actual value of the railroad properties is one not susceptible to absolutely scientific treatment. The value of franchises, good will, earning power, increment, and replacement, are all more or less indeterminate, and would depend in considerable degree upon the mental attitude of the appraisers. That some of these elements of value are recognized as real values in every other branch of American business might prove of no weight with an appraisal board made up under the Plumb direction and, while the technical provisions of the law might be fully complied with by such a board, its findings might work the greatest injustice to those who have regarded as proper property values, and have made investments based upon them, items which such

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a board might eliminate entirely. Indeed, they would be eliminated definitely if the ideas of Mr. Plumb and his associates were carried out. The alternative of long drawn out and complicated litigation in case of dissatisfaction at the appraisals reached can hardly be attractive, nor would it indeed promise any assurance of justice.

Many students of railroad business are firm in their conviction that an honest and fair valuation of railroad properties, including all proper elements of value, would show a value far in excess of their capitalization, but the work of valuation in the railroad field, as in other fields, cannot be made with exact science, and many decisions must rest with the wisdom and fairness of the appraisers. American railroads have today the lowest capitalization per mile of any railroads in the world, and yet even that figure is challenged by those who have some special conflicting interest to serve.

Even the question of mere replacement values opens the widest field for differences of opinion. For instance, would a proper replacement value be based upon the cost of materials in 1914 or in 1919, when such costs are 100 per cent or more higher than in the period before the war?

My attempt in the brief pamphlet you have criticised was to hold up to American readers the possible and perhaps probable effect of the outworking of such a plan as Mr. Plumb proposes in its broad effects—to interpret the spirit of the proposer's plan, rather than to discuss the letter of any proposed measure. It seems certain to me that in a political atmosphere which would permit the passage of any act embodying the Plumb Plan, the machinery set up by it for working out its details would be dominated largely by the thought of those proposing it, and, taking them at their own word, the effect of its working out would be the actual confiscation of property values. Courts and public officials are all susceptible to the influence of political power, and both the interpretation and the execution of such an act would quite certainly reflect the dominant political thought which would make it possible.

I cannot accept your criticism of my statement that the control of the roads would be in the hands of its employees. That seems to me to be clearly provided for by the plan, which would place the railroads of the country in the hands of fifteen directors, five named by the President, five elected by the operating officers, and five elected by the classified employees. By this arrangement, ten members of the board are selected by the employees, thus giving these two classes of employees a clear majority of the board in its work of regulating wages and salaries, with a minority representation of five left for the public. What the course of such a directorate would be must certainly be apparent to unprejudiced thinkers. That both the operating officers selected under such a plan, with no interest distinct from the classified employees, and the political appointees supposed to represent the public would be largely influenced by the classified employees in the regulation of wages seems too obvious to require discussion. The very continuance in office of the ten elected members would depend on their success in satisfying the employees. The actual management of the roads would, moreover, be in the hands of district councils in which the public would have no representation whatever. Already labor has too clearly proven the temper of its demands by advances secured which have netted railway labor an increase in wages of 391 per cent in the period from 1900 to 1919, during which the operating income of railway companies had increased but 98 per cent.

I do not feel that I have made any overstatement of the case when I assert that such a management would be directed primarily in the interests of the salary-earners and wage-workers of the road, without due regard to the interests of shippers, consumers, or tax payers. I do not believe that your charge that such an implication is unfair will stand in the light of reason and experience.

Admitting the power, and doubtless the intent, of the railroad employees in control of the directing body to regulate wages in accordance with their own ideas, you have placed a decided limitation upon the regulating power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which would have the right to fix rates. It is certain that until wages were raised to the point of arousing strong public protest the Interstate Commerce Commission would adopt the easiest course of adjusting rates to meet their requirements. When such a protest should be raised, the Commission would have the power of refusing to raise rates and, if the operation of the roads by the directors then resulted in a deficit, Congress would then have the right to revoke their charter, but what would happen to the systems whose charters were then revoked is not revealed nor, indeed, is a picture given of the great damage which industry and commerce would suffer under such conditions.

The political power of more than two million railroad employees thus added to the government service would certainly be felt, both in the selection and action of any directing or regulating bodies.

The effect of such an arrangement would almost certainly be that a complacent and unorganized public would meet the excessive costs certain to be imposed upon it through federal taxation. The net effect would be that 110 millions of people would be asked to put up the money to buy the railroads and turn them over to a group representative of less than ten millions of people to operate them, with power to regulate their own return and, in fact, to fix the freight and passenger rates to be paid by the other 100 millions of people for the service rendered. For, while the bill continues jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the fixing of rates, the result of its operation would be that the Commission would be required to fix rates high enough to cover operating expenses determined by the directors.

I cannot feel that there are either inaccuracies or unfair implications in my statement of the case, and that, if anything, I have understated the harmful effect that such pernicious legislation would have on our economic and political life. I am quite willing to stake my own judgment that, in the sad event of such an experiment being made, its outworking will be along the lines I have indicated, and I have no retraction to make, even under your criticism of that prophecy.

I do not mean to "suggest by innuendo" that the labor element would control such a situation, but to assert it absolutely as my definite conviction, and to stand upon it. Moreover, I am confident that such an experiment in finance would not be acceptable to American investors, and that any scheme of financing or refunding would be difficult of success along the lines provided by the bill.

This bill is not a simple experiment in socialism, which might have some features to commend it to those who are in favor of government ownership of public utilities. It is drawn frankly in the interest of a special class—the railroad workers—with power to determine their own compensation without adequate protection of the public interest. A real socialistic experiment in government ownership, primarily in the public interest without class preference, might com-

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mand commendation, where this plan should utterly fail to win it. To ask ten-elevenths of our population to bear the burdens imposed upon them by one-eleventh in its own interest in such a fundamental economic service as transportation is a species of class discrimination more unjustifiable than any demand capital has dared to make. The Plumb Plan, indeed, provides a means for exploiting the public more freely than any promoter has yet had the courage to undertake.

I hold no brief for past methods of railroad regulation or operation, and have presented no contention for the future. I have tried simply to present my own view as to the purpose and probable effect of the so-called Plumb Plan. It is quite possible that I may be mistaken in my judgment, but these conclusions are at least based upon a study and experience which warrant an opinion, which I trust you will be good enough to accept as an honest one, even though you may disagree with it.

F. H. Sisson.

New York City.

[Perhaps Mr. Sisson and The New Republic are not as far apart as a perusal of his pamphlet had led us to believe. In the pamphlet, Mr. Sisson said that the Plumb plan embodied "no effective control of rates by public authority." We pointed out that the full regulating power of the Interstate Commerce Commission was expressly preserved in Mr. Plumb's bill. Mr. Sisson replies that the provision in the plan giving the employees and officials control over their own wages will be a decided practical limitation on the Commission's rate-regulating power. Again, we suggested that Mr. Sisson's failure to state that the railroad officials were to have a one-third representation on the board of directors, coupled with certain general phrases about government by the Brotherhoods, raised an untrue implication that the classified employees,—the manual workers—were to have a majority control of the corporation. To this Mr. Sisson replies that the "official" representatives, having no interests distinct from those of the classified employees, will be largely influenced by them in the regulation of wages. In both these points, then, Mr. Sisson's attack resolves itself into a criticism of the wage-fixing provisions of the Plumb plan. As to the undesirability of those provisions, there is no difference between us and Mr. Sisson. We have frequently criticized them in the past, notably in the editorial to which Mr. Sisson takes exception, and we deal with the matter again in another part of this issue. It is an added argument in favor of taking away this power from the employees, that two of Mr. Sisson's three main objections will apparently be met by such an amendment.

The third objection relates to the method of valuation provided in the Plumb plan. There does not seem to be any substantial difference in this respect between the Plumb plan as embodied in the Sims bill, and the amplification of that plan in Mr. Plumb's testimony. The bill scrupulously preserves the constitutional right of judicial review; and in his testimony before the Senate Committee on February 7, (printed record Vol. 1, p. 1010) Mr. Plumb concedes that Congress cannot establish a method of valuation which gives the stockholders less than the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, allows them. Mr. Sisson's argument is that an appraisal board made up "under the Plumb direction" would not give full effect to the intangible elements of value which he believes should be included in a valuation. Yet it seems to us hardly within the realm of possibility that Mr. Plumb should come to exercise a malignant influence not only over the President of the United States, who appoints the board, and over a majority of the Senate, which must confirm it, but over the Supreme Court of the United States, which has the power to review the decision of the appraisal board both on the law and the facts.

Of course any plan, however sound in principle, can be damned in advance if we assume that officials appointed to represent the public will succumb to private interests, and that the President, the Senate and the Supreme Court will act under the "direction" of a labor union attorney. But if we entertain the opposite presumption, that public officials will be true to their trust, and that the executive, legislative, and judiciary branches will preserve their independence, it seems to us that the Plumb plan, (modified as elsewhere suggested in this issue) stands a reasonable chance of success. The Editors.]

Even More Secretive

SIR: In your issue of August 27th, in an editorial article entitled, More Light on Open Diplomacy, I find statements so precisely the opposite of facts about the Prinkipo affair that I think they should be corrected.

In the first place (though of incidental concern) you are mistaken in your attribution of the proposal to an American origin. Prinkipo was a British proposal—a proposal afterwards abandoned in a panic, as should have been expected, by its eminently responsible proposer.

In the next place—and this is what is important—the proposal was *not* finally rejected by the anti-Bolshevist parties and governments of Russia. From the moment that I was asked to go to Prinkipo, I labored to persuade all Russian parties to participate in the conference. My chief argument was, that no intelligent or justifiable action could be taken regarding Russia—at least by America—until all Russian factions had been fully heard, both by each other and the Allies, in free and open meeting. The chief of what remained of the Cadets, and certain personal followers of Miliukov, met me in Geneva, as did also a representative of the Omsk Government. These finally agreed, after repeated representations on my part, to come to Prinkipo. In Paris, I discussed the plan with other Russian representatives, especially with the revered and venerable Tchaikovsky. On different occasions. Tchaikovsky met with Mr. White and myself, and with numerous other persons interested in the question of what to do about Russia. He at last agreed to put no more obstructions in the way of the Prinkipo plan, and indeed became very helpful to Mr. White and myself in making suggestions as to our course of action. This concession on the part of Tchaikovsky was due largely to the influence of Mr. Gompers and Mr. English Walling, who also rendered Mr. White and myself valuable assistance in conferring with other Russians in Paris. It finally came about that, with the exception of Sazonov, who really represented French finance and the Romanoffs, every considerable Russian party or government had come round to the Prinkipo proposal, and expected to participate in the projected conference. And then, behind the back of Mr. White and myself, and of the regularly appointed representatives of Great Britain and France and Italy, Mr. Bullitt and his colleagues were sent to Lenin and Trotsky. When we asked Hotel Crillon for information about this mission—which was the very quintessence of

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secret diplomacy—which was typical of that senseless lack of candor, that juvenile calculation, that incorrigible childish egotism, which particularly characterised our proceedings in Paris, and which had the effect of preventing the President (though he is never likely to know or believe it) from at any time perceiving what was really going on—we were met only with denial and evasion. Mr. Bullitt himself, the very hour in which he was on his way to the Embassy to arrange his passports, unaware that I knew he was starting to Moscow, vehemently assured me as to his fidelity to Prinkipo.

Previous to this, however, when Mr. White and myself were daily expecting to proceed about the fulfilment of our appointment, we made two explicit demands:

1. That we must be allowed to go without any entangling instructions. We must be left free to make our own investigations in our own way and to arrive at our own conclusions.

2. That all meetings between ourselves and the Russians must be public. We meant to meet in the marketplace. We would have to do with no secret conferences, no subterranean arrangements. Every accredited journalist, every worthy citizen of any country, who wished to be present and hear all that was said, should be admitted. In the completest sense of the word, whatever took place was to be of the nature of an unqualified open diplomacy.

Now it was just when the consent of all Russisan parties to participate had been obtained, with the one exception mentioned, that the mission of Mr. Bullitt was dispatched. I then undertook to explain to the American Commissioner who had the Russian matter in hand that we were now especially responsible for our action in this Russian matter, all the Russians having accepted the Principo proposition. But the Commissioner in question suddenly decided that he would not hear more of Russia until he had further information as to what England would do. Two days afterwards, without any explanation whatever concerning the reasons for the decision, and without any further opportunity of conferring with the Peace Commissioners, with whom I had been in conference about other matters, Mr. White and myself were unceremoniously informed by the chief clerk of the American Commission —I was summoned to his presence by one of his clerks— that the Prinkipo proposition was dropped.

Now what I want to make clear is this: that so far as Hotel Crillon was concerned, the general movement and tendency was in favor of recognising the government of Lenin and Trotsky. I heard a good many voices in and around that unhappy hunting-ground, while the question of Prinkipo was held in the balance, and all the voices were in favor of an agreement with the Soviet Government, and not one voice was against it. I am not debating whether this was a correct policy or not: I am merely stating the fact. In the next place, it was only when it was discovered that *all* Russian parties *were* likely to participate in the Conference, and that the Conference would be open to the world, that Prinkipo lost favor with Hotel Crillon.

Let me conclude by absolving Mr. White of all knowledge of and responsibility for this letter, and at the same time pay my tribute to his unfailing unselfishness, to the chivalry and kindliness of his co-operation, in the days when we were preparing for what we hoped would prove a pivotal service to America, to Russia and the world.

Geneva, Switzerland. GEORGE HERRON.

[The point of the editorial in question was that the western democracies, which alone have the right to determine whether war and starvation shall continue to be imposed upon Russia from without, were not permitted by their governments, under a professed regime of "open diplomacy," to know the facts upon which any sound judgment could be based. We charged that the peace offer of the Soviet government was suppressed: Mr. Herron's statements indicate that there were also important facts as to the willingness of the other Russian parties to confer that were suppressed. We criticized the diplomats at Paris for their secretiveness; our critic shows that they were even more secretive than we had supposed.—The Editors.]

The Russian Volunteer Army

SIR: I have been interested in the Russian situation for some years, but now am doubly so. For in the district in Rumania where Lieutenant B. and I were carrying on A. R. C. relief work from the middle of May until the middle of August was located the center for Russian refugees in Rumania, those refugees who had stopped there in their flight from Odessa, when that city fell into the hands of the Bolshevik army. We helped to clothe them and feed them and fight their typhus scourge,—and incidentally came to know something about their various factions, for even in so small a group, less than a thousand, there were "factions."

We especially enjoy your New Republic remarks, in various connections, on "Kolchak, Denikin & Co." Some of Denikin's arrogant officers walked our streets this summer wearing on their arms insignia which they admitted signified allegiance to the old Romanoff regime! We never felt that the ultimate welfare of Russia and the world had much to hope for from the victory of such as these. Lengthy discussions with them in an attempt to find out what sort of a government they were fighting for never brought out anything more definite than that they were opposing the Bolsheviki. Our democratic, liberty-loving American patience with them received its death-blow on a day in June. The incident follows. You will not forget that always in those parts of the world this Denikin army is called the Russian *Volunteer* Army, with the accent on the *Volunteer*.

On a certain warm day last June, Lieutenant B., Mr. C. and I were just finishing our lunch of scrambled duckeggs, tasteless white cheese and mamaliga, when word came that two Russians were waiting to see us. We found them to be members of the Ukrainian group, a group of whom we were rather fond. They were bringing to us a petition for aid. Up to that moment, thoroughly buried in our own business of civilian relief, we had been quite ignorant of some things that had been going on around us.

These Ukrainians were loyal to the Ukrainian Republic ideal. Their families were in the Ukraine, and it was to the Ukraine that they wished to return. But the Russian Volunteer Army had been seizing them, a few at a time, forcibly deporting them, taking them back into old Russia, and drafting them into its ranks, to fight for a cause which they, as well as we, felt to be imperial in design and highly inimical to their dream of a republic. The French and Rumanian military authorities looked on and did nothing. The civil authorities were somewhat sympathetic but helpless. A Ukrainian Colonel had been thus seized, drafted and deported! Only thirty men were left. In five days the boat was due on which they were to be thrown. No

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secret was made of it. No interference was expected. In a pathetic appeal to us as "free Americans," quoting from Mr. Wilson's speeches, they asked for help. They were entirely helpless, not being permitted to leave the town to carry an appeal to Bucharest. Our sympathies were enlisted at once. However, lest we might find ourselves the victims of a more or less overdrawn sob-story, we held a conference with these men and the Prefect of the district. He confirmed their whole story, displaying considerable sympathy for them but stating that his own hands were tied. We were indeed their sole hope.

Although, as A. R. C. workers, we were not supposed to have any "political" feelings, much less to speak them or act on them, nevertheless we were Americans for some years before we were members of the A. R. C. At 5 a. m. the next day Lieutenant B. and I started for Bucharest. We had sixty miles to go to catch a little once-a-day ferry across the Danube at 8 a. m. We also had a long hard drive to Bucharest. Lieutenant B. sat at the ambulance wheel for sixteen hours that day. But we reached A. R. C. headquarters without mishap. We dared not state our business there, lest fears to interfere in such matters on the part of our extremely cautious superiors play havoc with our plans. The next morning we were early astir. I wish that I might tell just what we did. But I can not, for it was all done *un*officially, "as a personal favor," etc. Still, by noon we had the coveted order from a high official in the Rumanian government, forbidding the deportation and giving the Ukrainians permission to proceed unmolested to Constantinople if they so desired, it being at that time impossible to return direct to the Ukraine.

But—the Russian Volunteer Army loved us none the more, though they continued to eat our corned beef and wear our pajamas.

Alton, Illinois. ALIDA C. BOWLER.

A Change of Heart

SIR: After having spent a year in Central and Northern Russia, I arrived in New York the last week of July of this year. The policy of the Allies and United States toward Russia had been so very vague and mysterious that I was extremely anxious to find out how the people at home thought about our intervening there. I had felt like most of the members of our party that we should come in with a large force of men and put down the Bolsheviks once and for all, sending at the same time all aid possible to the support of Denikin.

I found that the majority of the people felt that we should clear out of Russia and let them decide the question for themselves. This always brought to my mind what I had heard my good Russian friends say—that we must not desert Russia; and, indeed, I, too, had felt that way in Russia. After some arguing with various people whose opinion and judgment I regard highly, and some reading and thinking on the matter from this angle, I have decided fully that we must cease our foolish and disastrous policy over there. The way we have backed and filled would be comical if it were not so tragic. Wilson stated: "We will never desert Russia";—our troops were the first to leave there this Spring, much to the surprise of the Russians.

Now I distinctly remember hearing the confusing ideas held by various types of Russians concerning their future political control. Some would like to see the Soviet control; some wanted to see Kolchak win, but feared, that like Kerensky, he would not be strong enough to keep power, due to the many conspirators against him; some did not want Kolchak at all, as, they said, he represented old politics and tactics; very few had any confidence in Denikin. My question is: if the Russians have not fully decided who and what they want, how, in the name of reason, can we possibly set up a control said to represent their will and choice?—Almost everyone knows down in his heart how little we really know about Russian politics in actual operation. What right have we to put our bet on the Kolchak or the Denikin horse—either with men or materials. Why should we go into Russia and kill off the Russian radical Socialists or Bolsheviks, unless we do likewise to the radicals now in Italy, Norway, Germany and in our midst every day. In Northern Russia when the Allies tried to make the Russians fight they mutinied; they said they were war-weary, many of them just recovering from the World War—what was more, they would not fight and kill their brothers! Some of them told this to me, so it is not an idea or opinion I have. Further, several months ago, just before the British evacuated, the Allies lost the town of Onega (just Southwest of Archangel). The Russian troops holding the town sent out word to the Allies that if they attempted to retake it, they would fight them to a finish. They said they were absolutely not Bolsheviks, but that it was now time at last that they stop fighting—they were through being made to fight by outside powers! Why didn't we send over troops to stop the French Revolution when the minority fought and got control of the country? Because we had no right to do it! It is up to them now to decide whom they shall have and not us—unless, I repeat, we intend to wipe off the earth all radical Socialists and not only Russian Socialists.

Finally, let me say that we must see to it that the food embargo is raised. We are *daily starving* all classes of Russians, particularly those who do not want, and will not work for, the Bolsheviks. The people working with the government get sufficient salaries to enable them to live. I know members of the former "upper classes" in Russia who are as time goes on selling their furs, jewelry, etc., in order to get food. It is no common sight to see them selling newspapers on the corners in Petrograd! I am not attempting to be sensational, but am telling the truth, as many can confirm.

I am glad to tell you that some of the fairest thinkers we had in our party over there are now back and of the same opinion. We now realize when we were in Russia we were largely influenced by these "upper classes" whom we knew, and whom we employed. The Kolchak and Denikin armies are largely held together by promises the Allies have made them, and suppose we fail to send them all that is necessary? It may be that if the Soviet system is allowed to run things freely over there, without frequent interruptions by different Allies intervening, that they will restore more order than they have now (conditions are not as bad as the papers read—there is no wholesale shooting of people along the streets; no government authority from Moscow for the nationalization of women—as our American Consul General told me himself).

However, I don't ask support for the Bolshevik government, but I do ask that we stay out, thus giving some of the wealthy Russians one sees around the Grand Royal Hotel at Stockholm room to get in and fight for themselves, instead of sitting around the lounge complaining and cussing out the Allies for our weak support.

Nyack, New York. JAMES H. BLAUVELT.

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Apollo in Pittsburgh

A Lyric

We do not come here to look at the mountain:
Stand aside!
Our business does not permit us to stare at an earth-heap,
While the out-cropping stones are useless for building,
And the sunshine, confound it!—obscures all our vision—
Stand aside!
In the distance you hear the tramp of an oncoming army
Led, by the Captains of Industry, over the mountains:
Stand aside!
You, with the muttering lips and the heart that is beating;
You, with eyes that brood on the tree-clad uplands;
You, with sad soul gazing through tears at the summit;
You, with the girl in your arms by the side of the torrent:
Stand aside!

World-wide we sweep o'er the mountains,
And the land is black with gloom.
Hoarse is the roar from our furnaces,
Fierce is the shout from our palaces—
Dreamers, make room, make room!

See how the green has grown blackened and dead,
And the people faint in the soot-choked air:
See how the sky is a pall overhead,
A pall blood-red with the furnace-flare!
Dead! The mountain lies dead!

We have conquered! The mountain lies dead!
Deep in his bowels our tentacles hold,
Drawing them out, iron, copper and lead,
Screaming they rush from spigot to mold—
Dead! The mountain lies dead!

Spun out, the mountain's entrails scattered lie;
Drawn thin, they stretch like gleaming silver strings,
Whereon is played a monstrous melody,
As o'er them runs the touch of modern things.

See the vast plough
Changed from a bough,
And belts of steel for a leathern thong;
Binder and flail,
Girder and rail
Gather and carry the whole year long!

Pulley and wheel,
Bobbin and reel
Sing together an endless song;
Lever and beam,
Water and steam
Sing, and in singing grow yet more strong!
Dead! The mountain lies dead!

Slow as a craft creeps up the stream at eve,
The stricken mountain moved to newer life,
If life it be where nothing hath reprieve
From toil and filth, from lust and shameful strife.
So, in her many chambers of despair,
Where glowed the fires of hell brought up to earth,
The armies of the Captains faced the glare
With aged eyes and lips uncarved for mirth.
Among them, a bright shadow, there was one,
His slender limbs of light you could descry;
His cheek was swarthy with the southern sun,
You caught the blue Aegean in his eye!
He was a god, and like a god he moved;
His feet scarce touched the ordure of the ground:
He was a god, and like a god he loved
The dim grey mortals moiling all around.
He told them tales of rock and flower and tree;
He told them what the mountain used to be.

He told them of his sunny southern home,
He told them of a happy Grecian isle,
Of thickets where his sister used to roam,
Of paths where Leto wandered, mile on mile.

He told them of the limpet-studded wrecks,
Their shadows shot by fish in misty mail;
Of golden sands bestrewn with marble flecks,
Of sweet, leaf-hidden grapes far up the vale.

He told them of a lime-washed little town,
High-perched above the murmur of the sea,
Where, from your door, the vista looking down,
Would fill your heart with purest ecstasy!

The deep green corn-fields by the silver strand,
Foamed at the edge with almond-blossom rare
As, farther out, where huts of fishers stand,
Green shallows sleep beneath the breakers there!

So ran the tale, in cadenced accents told.
His voice was like the echo of a chime
Across the sea. They listened, young and old,
To that sweet singer of a far-off time.

Think you they heard the tale with bated breath?
Think you they followed him with flying feet?
There is no mystery about his death:
They slew him at the corner of the street!

William McFee.

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Art the Deathless

Linda Condon, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

LINDA CONDON is no ordinary novel. Superficially it tells a story, and that story at the beginning is pointed and picturesque, handled by a clever artificer. But the story is only Mr. Hergesheimer's excuse. What is really his object is to use his fable for the sake of certain harmonies, founded on ideas of mystical beauty and intended to give us a "vibration of nameless joy." To create this illusion of something beyond good and evil, something "remote and perfect, and faintly wistful," is Mr. Hergesheimer's supreme object, and to forward this illusion he employs every art and craft at his command. He excludes comedy or anything resembling comedy. He adopts a tone of sombre preoccupation and the finest sensibility. "The Platonic Academy of Cosomo(?) and Pico della Mirandola" is impressively alluded to, but only with the aim of suggesting the rarity, the mystery, of Linda Condon. Her rarity and mystery, not comprehended by her inscrutable self, and never complicated by anything so gross as sexual warmth, are the sublime secrets of Mr. Hergesheimer's heroine. To these he gives the symphonic structure of his story, the careful and suggestive contrasts of his characters, the vaulted solemnity of his style.

The whole thing, unfortunately, hangs on a pompous and tawdry fallacy—the fallacy that a human being can be taken seriously as an inanimate work of art. Linda Condon certainly comes near to being inanimate. The worship of her is not entirely unlike the worship of a corpse. But she is enough of a woman, a living creature of human society, to be singularly unreal and even annoying as a deity; and Mr. Hergesheimer baffles one's appreciation of his deity by making her so traditionally "refined." She is, in a word, a little ludicrous. To accept her is to accept a contrivance that is extraordinarily pretentious, not less pretentious because Mr. Hergesheimer has Plato and Novalis at his side.

Linda Condon, an American hotel-child, is consecrated to Beauty right from the very start. When she is a little girl a strange man says to her in the hotel lobby, "Like all true beauty, it's plain that you are durable," and, "Yet, beauty is relentless. You'll have your garden, but I shouldn't be surprised at difficulties first." And again, "The trouble is, you are lovely, magical. You will stay for a lifetime in the memory. The merest touch of you will be more potent than any duty or fidelity. A man's only salvation will be his blindness." As you may perceive, some child.

That night the strange man dies, but not so Linda Condon. She lives on to demonstrate that, in the words of Mr. Hergesheimer, "the science of love has been incredibly soiled." For Linda in Mr. Hergesheimer's hands is something to be solemnly worshipped—anywhere, at least, east of Pawpaw or Keokuk. She is "the old gesture toward the stars, the bridge of perfection, the escape from the fatality of flesh." She is beauty, and the service of beauty, and "la figlia della sua mente, l'amorosa idea." And, woman though she is, she is outside the ordinary fervors of mankind.

You know the kind of rooms in New York, where, in Mr. Hergesheimer's elegant words, "practically every considerable creative talent in New York is entertained." And you know, perhaps, the kind of sculptor to be found there, the "tremendous swell," whose "informal flannels and soft collar" suit "the largeness of his being and gestures." You may imagine the effect on such a great, rugged, outspoken cave-man aristocrat of such a presence as Linda Condon's. You see her in the dusk of the studio. She has black hair cut in a midnight bang. Her face is a long pure oval. Her eyes are, of course, violet, "a poignant intensity of lovely color, that surprised the heart." He demands, abruptly, "how old are you?" She tells him. Then, " 'Age doesn't exist for some women, they are eternal. You see, I call you a woman, but you are not, and neither are you a child. You are Art—Art, the deathless,' his gaze strayed back to the Victory."

Ah, the Victory! The Victory we have always with us. And in the end we have that perfect commingling of art and elegance which Mr. Hergesheimer so shrewdly supplies. It comes when the idea dawns on Linda Condon that it has not been in vain that she should have made of her fine cold body "the temple and altar of her service," and should have been so "inexorable in her demands on the establishments that made her suits and dresses." ("The slightest imperfection of fit exasperated her; and she regarded the endless change of fashions with contempt.") This idea is, of course, that she has been herself Beauty incarnate, and worshipped by her sculptor who "had cheated death of her fineness. The delicate perfection of her youth would never perish, never be dulled by old age or corrupted in death. It had inspired and entered into Pleydon's being, and he had lifted it on the pedestal rising between the sea and sky." And so, peace. "She gazed again, for a last view, at the bronze seated figure; and a word of Pleydon's, but rather it was Greek, wove its significance in the placid texture of her thoughts. Its exact shape evaded her, a difficult word to recall—*Katharsis,* the purging of the heart. About her was the beating of the white wings of a Victory sweeping her—a faded slender woman in immaculate gloves and a small matchless hat—into a region without despair."

Before resigning Linda Condon to that "region without despair" it is well to give due attention to her immaculate gloves and her small matchless hat. For, somehow, the elegance of Linda Condon is unforgettable. Her mother is not perhaps as good as she should be. She is exuberant and florid. She likes boiled cabbage. She attempts (with fascinatingly horrible results) to secure a permanent wave. She ends on Park Avenue as Mrs. Moses Feldt. But Linda is everything that the romancer's heart demands. She is approachable yet aloof, direct yet reticent, practical yet exquisitely intangible. She acts swiftly, inexorably, yet she is beyond passion. She wears the most austere undergarments and takes the coolest baths. She is, in short, the ideal not only of the parfit knight, but of the sensual-sentimentalist, and it is for her gross step-sisters to eat "black chocolates from painted boxes ruffled in rose silk." Linda, perhaps appropriately, shuns Park Avenue. She finds herself perfectly at home amid the hereditary assurances of Philadelphia. All that childhood of the plush hotels so admirably described—it vanishes like mist when she settles down as the wife of Arnaud Hallet and produces his two children without the least damage to her figure or "l'amorosa idea."

It is clear that Linda Condon is not commonplace. It is, as Mr. Hergesheimer desires it to be, exotic. The exotic is his rule. Sometimes—not often—he will indulge in the obvious art of paraphrase. He will try to describe a

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drink at the well-known soda-counter as "a delectable glass of assorted sweet compounds." But usually he is firm in his hold on direct transcription, even if he makes it brocaded transcription. He obtains or reveals his exotic effect by other means. Those means are offered by the subject he so adroitly chooses, or the subject that chooses him.

But the frailty of Mr. Hergesheimer, for all his fondling of description and his sophisticated assaying of words, is in his meretricious theme. The sculptor's worship of Linda Condon as something not woman but Art is about as good psychology as "the loveliest of women, wrapped in her shining hair, riding on a leopard with yellow eyes" is good zoology. Romance founded on this sort of high-flown artifice is essentially in a class with that kind of verbal sentimentalism which thinks it is stylistic to dwell on words like silvery, crisp, crystalline, vert, inviolable, maculate, bluely, inutile. Still, though Mr. Hergesheimer is a bold rhetorician in Linda Condon, the book does not leave a final impression of true inspiration or spiritual integrity.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Century of Hope

The Century of Hope, by F. S. Marvin. New York: Oxford University Press.

MR. MARVIN is a professional optimist and his book is an attempt at a quasi-historical proof of his philosophy. With unconquerable faith he discerns the conscious progress of the human spirit in the nineteenth century to a nobler expression of life. It is difficult to avoid a certain sense that Mr. Marvin is one of that determined, if dwindling, band of English Comteans who, come what may, will discover in history the continuous conquest of larger good. Undoubtedly he has produced a fascinating defence of his position; and, considering the wide ground covered, the number of positive errors is remarkably small. What Mr. Marvin has done is broadly to indicate the outstanding achievements of the nineteenth century with the purpose of emphasizing the continuous gain in the control of mind over matter. That there are ugly phases Mr. Marvin does not attempt to conceal; but of the forward movement he remains, on the whole, convinced.

He has not a difficult thesis to maintain so long as we remain in the purely material sphere. No one will deny that the succession from Faraday, through Clerk Maxwell and Hertz and Becquerel, to Sir Ernest Rutherford, represents a genuine and conscious advance. Our great-grandfathers travelled painfully from New York to Washington in several days; we annihilate the distance in five hours. The history of chemistry, of mathematics, of physiology, in the nineteenth century is almost material rather for the epic than the prose narrative. Figures like Darwin and Huxley, Gauss and Lobatchewski, Mendelieff and Pasteur, are among the permanent glories of the human race. And, in a sense, even more splendid than they, have been the innumerable minor workers, for the most part unknown, yet happy if the great man should perchance be pleased to fling them a footnote of gratitude for the part they have played in his generalizations. Nor is the history of scholarship less glorious than that of science. Few things are more arresting than the recovery of theological studies for rationalist interpretation; no record is more marvellous than the revelation of the ancient East. Momsen, Baur, Traube, Guizot, Maitland—names such as these stand for an achievement which the world will not willingly let die.

Nor may we demean the record in things where the purely human instincts were in question. What Romilly did for prison reform, the heroism of John Brown, Karl Marx's defiance of nineteen centuries of human misery for the common man, the movement for factory legislation, the spread of popular educational effort, these, and things like these, have permanently raised the stature of the human race. And above all there stands as eloquent of the abyss which separates the French Revolution from all previous time the growing belief in the possible destiny of the average man. The thing is perhaps most clearly written in the history of the novel. The transition from the protests of men like Balzac and Dickens against a social order which they knew to be capable only of the degradation of the ordinary man to the novels in which Wells and Tolstoy make positive demand for the translation of their desire into statute is one of the most striking features of the time. The novel no longer seeks justification in an effort to fill a space of leisure. It has become a definite propaganda for organized ideals, whether negative, as in the relentless analyses of Mr. Galsworthy, or positive, as in the passionate pamphlets of Mr. Wells.

All this, assuredly, is of gain; and, naturally enough, it forms the backbone of Mr. Marvin's case. Yet there is another side which he omits, though its importance is at least as arresting as that upon which he lays his emphasis. What no man can ignore is the undoubted fact that in the last hundred years the latent goodwill of human society has secured a more substantial translation into accepted events. Yet it is at least matter for serious question whether the spirit of change has been deliberate search for good rather than the unwilling surrender to obvious necessity. Our attitude to the French Revolution secured no profound change in our attitude towards Russia. If we have secured a general freedom for religious opinions, we have still to secure that same freedom for political ideas. The two great defences of modern conservatism—church and property—still stand very largely untouched by the events of a century. Child labor is possible in 1919 for reasons substantially the same as those Hannah More and her contemporaries would have urged; even though a mass of testimony exists to refute them. The issue of hours of labor has still to be fought case by case before the Supreme Court; and it is the strength, as it seems, of organized labor rather than the deliberate conviction of overwhelming evidence which is the motive of acceptance of change. The Roman Catholic Church could issue the encyclical Mirari Vos in the age of Metternich; but in 1907 the spirit of the Pascendi reveals no symptom of advance. Those who will examine the facts can see that the labors of men like Baur and Strauss and Wellhausen and Loisy have altered the whole intellectual perspective of Christianity; yet, taken in the mass, the churches remain obstinately unwilling to admit the significance of those labors. Politically, it is obvious that we must evolve new mechanisms to meet a society of which the essential structure has been changed; yet most of us are more than content to stride abroad in the dignified armor of our ancestors' ideas. Nor will there be many to deny that the ground of economic advance will be less the logical justification for experiment than the defeat in conflict of business antiquarianisms.

Such a background Mr. Marvin does not discuss; and there is a further and vital question upon which, somehow, his attention has not been engaged. There has been no period in the history of the world when scientific method enabled so many thinkers to form dispassionate judgment upon political questions. John Stuart Mill, at least, was

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sufficiently intrigued by this prospect as to urge that men of education should be given votes over and above the normal universal suffrage to which he looked forward. Yet if one thing has been made apparent by the nineteenth century it is the fact that scientific method in any given subject in no wise guarantees its use in general political and social questions. Bishop Stubbs' history is one of the text-books of liberalism in the nineteenth century; yet he himself was a passionate conservative in politics and would not sit down to dinner with a Unitarian. Few men did so much as Lecky to demonstrate the ignoble character of the British dominion in Ireland; yet he remained to the end the obstinate opponent of Home Rule. A man may specialize all his life in the by-ways of medieval history without, as it seems, applying the methods he would use for the analysis of a Burgundian charter of the ninth century to the League of Nations' Covenant in the twentieth. The open and sympathetic mind of men like John Stuart Mill, who are consciously anxious to modify their hypotheses by the new facts they encounter, is one of the rarest and most precious possessions of an age. It does not seem to be born of specialized study. It finds no place in the heat and stress of political life. What it does is to blunt by erosion the sharpness of other men's conviction and thus to secure that entrance wherein new ideas can make their way. But it is rare that the expert is modified by such men. Some there are, indeed, like Charles Lyell, who will deliberately surrender convictions because the facts no longer support them. For the most part, it is yet true that the expert must be made subject to the control of gifted amateurs if their results are to be useful for the purposes of the state.

Progress, that is to say, is more complex in character than Mr. Marvin would have us believe. So far from postulating an inward spirit of advantage in man, we would suggest, with Sir Henry Maine, that progress is the exception rather than the rule in history. Where it is born it does not come by joyous reception of new trade on the part of the mass of men. Rather is it the result of a slow and wearisome process of wearing down convictions that are always defended, however obsolete, as though they were the eternal foundations of the social order. It is not merely that new truths start in a minority of one. It is also that they are, by their very character, explosive in their nature, and the conservative forces in society will seek their suppression lest the equilibrium be disturbed. Nor is that all. Every generation will have its race of thinkers with their ideals firmly rooted in by-gone centuries. Conscious and deliberate progress can come only when the world as a whole, or even the Western world, is converted to liberalism. There are few signs that we have reached so beneficent a stage. Even science has its orthodoxies, which are hardly less terrible than those of dogmatic religion. The root of progress is the release of the mass of individuality now held down by the complex trammels of a civilization mastered by its own machines. Mr. Marvin helps us to wonder at their splendor; but he does not tell us how to render them the servants of freedom. H. J. L.

Recent Publications

The Four Roads, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"THE guns in Sussex." That phrase, carrying the reverberations of ghostly artillery over the Downs, is one of the best of the romantic phrases that have come out of the war. Inspired by its resonance, Conan Doyle, who is occasionally a versifier but rarely a poet, wrote forty excellent lines. Sheila Kaye-Smith, with the same idea as basis, has recently produced a long novel of some promise and no little fulfillment.

Her story opens with the Reverend Mr. Sumption, huge, gaunt, and forty-five, walking down the North Road in communion with his Nonconformist God, and cracking the joints of his fingers at every other step. He passes the inn at Woods Corner and turns down the East Road towards Slivericks. At the top of the field he stops to listen. The air is full of the usual sunset sounds—the lowing of cows, cuckoo's cries, wind swishing in the hedges, the tinkle of water in the ditch. And there is also an alien murmur—the discord of the guns in France.

And so with the rest of the novel. To the great facts of life in Sussex—births and marriages, sowing, the harvest—the rumble of the artillery is constant accompaniment. It is this antinomy that furnishes the plot. Sussex in the end is victorious over the guns; with its men dead in France or scattered in hospitals, there is still a new generation to take their place, and harvest follows planting as surely as before. The victory, however, is precarious; one feels that the Sussex of 1918 is a very different place from that of earlier years. Still Miss Kaye-Smith is just, possessing that ability to face facts without being overwhelmed by them which is required of every true novelist.

As a rule stories about the war have either stressed, like Under Fire, the blind stupidity of the conflict, or have followed the more profitable policy of overemphasizing the war's regenerative influences. The Four Roads does neither. It is by no means a great book. About her characters Miss Kaye-Smith is sometimes more than becomingly reticent, while she is inclined to be lush about landscapes. She can, however, depict country folk without injecting her own emotions into them, and she achieves truthfulness and an honest workmanship that puts her well above the ruck.

Peace and Business, by Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane.

AS a propagandist for Big Business, Marcosson brings on an array of information and anecdote but he fails to convince by reason of ill-assortment, incompleteness of treatment, incongruities of reasoning, and conspicuous absence of logical argument. Peace, he notes with approbation, inaugurates an era of frantic, merciless and stupendous economic struggle between nations in which each country will adopt a selfish nationalistic motto and in which most will strive to keep Germany down to a degree of economic potency barely sufficient to pay her indemnities. The compensations for the sufferings of war consist principally in the valuable lessons in economic penetration learned from Germany. Economic penetration by the German was detestable, but Britain, for example, he vaguely tells us, will apply the methods she discovered "in a constructive way." Repeatedly stress is put upon "a new partnership between government and big business." Wars will always recur,—one instance, at least, where his reasoning reaches an inevitable conclusion from its premises.

He does not point out, though, that Prussian dreams and ambitions are generated from such conditions nor does the suspicion seem to strike him that such dreams and ambitions may not be entirely indigenous in German soil. Nor is he concerned with Russia and her vast store of raw

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materials. Labor he scarcely notices in four or five scattered paragraphs of denunciation and invective. His solution of this problem is to keep labor busy so that it will not have time to foment trouble. One thing else he has learned from Germany besides the trick blows of giant business competitors and that is his recommendation of "the firing-squad instead of Federal investigation" for labor radicals. But Marcosson does more than fail as an intelligent propagandist. He achieves a sort of self-demolition of his whole structure, and proves something else. Kropotkin in his pamphlet Wars and Capitalism made skeleton charges: Marcosson fills them in with the body and flesh of abundant evidence.

The Strongest, by Georges Clemenceau. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

M. CLEMENCEAU in this novel reveals himself as the republican of 1871, not as the imperialist of 1919. All the mechanism of the book, plot, characters, dialogue, description, is devoted to a fierce indictment of the modern social order. The issue between the idealism of the French Revolution and the materialism fostered by modern industrial conditions is clearly set forth in the struggle over a woman's soul between Henri, a gentle democratic philosopher and Harle, a brutal manufacturer who constantly boasts of his right, as "the strongest," to dominate and control the lives of his workers. The material success in the struggle remains with Harle; but M. Clemenceau never leaves the slightest doubt where the moral victory lies. Writing as fiercely as if he were denouncing a personal enemy, he brings out the most repulsive traits of the manufacturer's character: his vulgarity, his greed, his cruelty. The author's own attitude throughout the novel is well expressed when he makes a reporter at a fashionable reception mutter to himself:

"If I could but tear off the masks, expose these people naked to the world, tell what impulses brought each one here; reveal the inner truth, the awakening desires, the intrigues, the low greed, the sterility of their minds, the poverty of their hearts! Ah! What misery for the rich and what a revenge for me!"

M. Clemenceau feels that capitalism has substituted a new, equally galling servitude for the physical slavery of the old regime. He intimates quite clearly that a new revolution is needed to realize the aspirations of 1789. With bitter scorn he ridicules Harle's ostentatious charitable institutions for the benefit of his workers. And he flies into a paroxysm of rage at the idea of using troops to crush a strike,—a truly ironical attitude on the part of the man who employed such ruthless severity in repressing the May Day demonstrations.

Judged by the standards of French literary art M. Clemenceau's work scarcely rises above mediocrity. The style has a quality of nervous vigor; and there are occasional passages of genuine dramatic power. But the action is jumpy and uneven, the dialogue lags badly in places, and the author's polemic pre-occupation gives a wooden and unnatural aspect to many of his characters. The novel should prove decidedly interesting to the historian who attempts to explain the extraordinary psychological transformation of the leading statesmen at the Peace Conference. He may well place it in the same exhibit with Wilson's fourteeen points and Lloyd George's speeches against the House of Lords at the time of the budget agitation.

Captain Zillner, by Rudolph Jeremias Kreutz. New York: Doran.

THE chief value of Captain Zillner is extrinsic and temporary. It is the first war novel to be imported from the Central Powers. The foregoing, however, should not carry too derogatory implications, for, setting apart a weakness for sentimentalism and caricature, an inconsistency between Lieutenant Zillner, sophisticated critic of life in the early chapters, and Captain Zillner, man of earnest faith clinging to patriotic illusions later on, and a possible cramping of expression out of regard for the censorship, the book has many moments of insight, devastating sarcasm, excellent portraiture and highly capable workmanship. It is filled with scorn and loathing for the incompetent leaders who, living in soft ease far back from the battle front, wasted thousands of lives with criminal carelessness. It is laden with a tender Slav-like love and sympathy for the "simple ones: the common men, the last and the least of all: souls that do not count" whose lives are expended so prodigally. It rises in the final chapter to the crescendo of a will to end wars somewhat as the Under Fire of Barbusse did. The one hope rests in the children, "the little saviours of the world," whom Zillner hobbles after as the story closes.

Good Friday. A Passion Play of Now, by Tracy D. Mygatt. With an introduction by John Haynes Holmes.

WHAT does an enlightened citizen of London think of America's treatment of the conscientious objector during the war? In his preface to Heartbreak House Bernard Shaw notes the curious fact that the war-pestilence, the influenza, exercised its worst ravages on the west coast of North America. "The moral pestilence," he says, "reproduced this phenomenon. One would have supposed that the war fever would have raged most furiously in the countries actually under fire, and that the others would be more reasonable. . . . . Slain and mutilated women and children, and burnt and wrecked dwellings, excuse a good deal of violent language, produce a wrath on which many suns go down before it is appeased. Yet it was in the United States of America, where nobody slept the worst for the war, that the war-fever went beyond all sense and reason. In European courts there was vindictive illegality; in American courts there was raving lunacy. It is not for me to chronicle the extravagance of an ally: let some candid American do that."

A candid American, John Haynes Holmes, has done it in the preface to this play by Tracy Mygatt. The play itself is lit by an eloquence that springs not so much from any verbal grandeur as from the passionate indignation roused in the author by the spectacle of the incredible indignities suffered by those who submitted to the rigors of the military prison rather than compromise with an issue more vital to them than life itself. The tortured figure whose resemblance to Christ terrifies the keeper is the symbol of this excoriation: deeper than the pain inflicted by slacker-howlers and prison-bosses is the consciousness of the cruelty inherent in man:

> I'm very sure it's not the pain I mind,
> It's thinking other men can torture so,
> Men that are brothers . . . .

The play would gain in suggestiveness by a more expert handling of the blank-verse form. The speeches of the Doctor and Keeper are stiff and mechanical; Ivan's, freer from these faults, are sometimes alive with the pulse-beat of the perennial tragedy.

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Consequences, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN Consequences Miss Delafield has, with her unusual gift for sharp attention, delineated the unspectacular frustration of a life. Alex Clare is born too late to be designed to the lot of an English gentlewoman and too soon to "lead her own life." For all her impulsive energy there are only emotional channels, and when she comes to their insufficient end life has beaten her. Alex, in a pale gray Victorian home, is trained and chaperoned for marriage. She achieves engagement, and in her one burst of courage breaks it when the expected miracle of love fails to appear. Under the polite whip of family disapproval, she drifts from tea to tea, until her homeless emotions discover an all too understanding Mother Superior whom she follows into a Belgian convent. But the expected miracle of heavenly love also fails, and after ten years Alex returns to the world—wan, bewildered, impractical—an inconvenient ghost to her successful brothers and sisters. They mean to be pleasant, they mean to look after her, but exposed to their various degrees of incomprehension she soon crumbles into thinking herself unworthy to live. Miss Delafield's style is sometimes rather jerky and her singleness of purpose a little too evident, but her earnestness carries conviction. In the suicide of Alex Clare she has given us an inevitable consequence of a transition period which we, perhaps too complacently, believe to be past.

Legal Recognition of Industrial Women, by Eleanor L. Lattimore. New York: Y. W. C. A. Press.

UNDER the awkward and misleading title of this pamphlet there is a clear and useful guide to most of the problems that confront women in industry, and men too, for that matter, since even with the best of intentions the two cannot be divided. It is admittedly published as a text for "college student, business man, club woman and social worker," as well as for "industrial women," and so it sticks to elementary and immediate factors. A brief survey covers the shifting of women's work from the home to the factory, and this is followed by a more detailed account of the evils attacking women in the modern industrial mill and the legal remedies proposed for them. In dealing with the problem of equal pay for equal work, the author does a highly necessary service in underscoring the fallacy of the "pin-money" theory of women's wages. She quotes reports which show that of various groups of girls living at home 70 to 80% contributed all their earnings to the family, and that these contributions were from 27 to 43% of the total family income. The subject of maternity insurance receives a rather perfunctory treatment, but the minimum wage, social insurance, hours and sanitation, even collective bargaining, are summed up as well as it would seem possible within so limited a space and from a somewhat orthodox standpoint.

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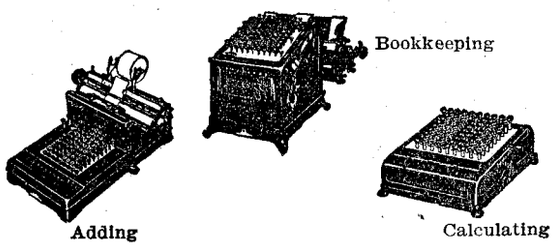

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